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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**Heroes of Peace.**  
BY J. KNIGHT BAILEY.  
Peas are sung and poems written,  
Eulogizing scenes of war;  
Salvoes fired o'er deeds of carnage,  
Which ladeneth the funeral car.  
Weaths are woven by fair maidens  
For the brow of the loved hero,  
Whose bloodstained hands oft have stricken  
Low in death the battle foe!  
Judging by the exaltation  
Ever bestowed on warrior fame,  
One would scarce expect attention  
Paid to deeds of peaceful men.  
But I would learn from peaceful heroes  
Useful lessons, of a life  
Spent in winning brighter laurels  
Than o'er sprung from bloody strife.  
Oh, give to me the joyful quiet  
Which ever thrills the noble heart;  
Of him who toils for fragrant blossoms,  
Ever springing from the mart.  
Of unselfish deeds of grandeur,  
Only grown in peaceful soil;  
Where sweet fruitage pays the laborer  
For every sweat-drop—all his toil!  
Richly pays, alone in dew drops  
From angelic founts of love—  
Which nestle in the soul's young flower buds,  
Whence beauties will unfold, above!  
Repays, in an unalloyed faith,  
That the aroma of each act,  
Tho' nearly powerless here, in earth life,  
Will, in heavenly life, attract  
To its fragrance and its merits,  
A knowledge of its sacred worth—  
Where is born its radiant glory—  
Haste to me—oh, brilliant birth!  
Then strike the lyre—oh, bring rich flowers  
And deck the peaceful hero's brow!  
Thus show the world that righteous banners  
Are floating on the breeze, e'en now!

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**ETHEREALISM.**  
NUMBER ONE.

There is what is called illimitable space, but all that is called space is full of life and perpetual activity. To behold certain fine objects, sometimes the sun by its great focal power is an aid. The microscope is also called into use, and one is surprised to notice that there are things, and in motion too, which without these aids the human eye could not perceive. There are worlds within worlds, universes within universes. The slightest insect lives in its own little world. It has an organism admirably suited to its little existence. Whence this perfect organization? Whence this adaptation? Whence the seeming joy the little insect experiences? It has mind, it has the power to see, the ability to feel, the skill to act. 'Tis as perfect in its sphere as the rhinoceros or elephant or man in his. 'T would be perfectly impossible for the human mind to detect a fault in the organization of the slightest insect that moves. Did this insect design to make and perfect itself? Had it before it a copy for imitation, or did it come into existence by chance? Oh! no, no. The mind, by a law of necessity, looks about for a constructive mind. It feels that the mind, dwelling in insect life, must have previously existed in a higher organization. Speculation seems to be unsatisfactory. The intellect wears in its searchings; but the heart speaks and the innermost in man teaches of a God. In degree the slightest insect has mind. In a higher degree the beast has mind. In a yet loftier degree man has mind—and thus there are connections perpetually subsisting between the lower, the intermediate and higher forms of life. Where there is mind there is activity; where there is mind there is attraction; where there is mind there is expansion; where there is mind there is light. These properties attach to mind. In a broad sense the Divine permeateth all things—in a more critical sense the Divine mind permeateth all mind. Hence the Divine dwelleth in mind and man in the Divine. The higher the mind the more perfect the mental organization, the broader its scope, the greater the capacity to comprehend the Divine mind.  
Man has the capacity to throw his mind into the animal below him. He says to the domestic animal "be thou quiet," or "go thou," and it obeys. In the animal world the higher mind controlleth the lower; and thus is there descent even to the smallest insect. Thus, beginning with the insect, there is a scaffolding on which the mind may ascend in harmony with its greatest capacity—the narrow mind doing all it can, the broadest exercising all its powers. One is but a drop, another is a little rivulet, a third a stream, a fourth an ocean. The human mind must ever from its very nature desire to know more to-morrow than it does to-day. Man is a composition. The soils, the metals, the vegetables, the animals, the elements, go to constitute him a man, made through the divine workings, "a little lower than the angels," crowned with glory and honor; all below him being subject unto him. He is the superior, below him dwell the inferiors. Thus there is a living chain which reaches by divine connections from the earth, and links on to the heaven of heavens. The vegetable world is what it is because of the soil

whereon it grows, because of the elements around, because of the solar and planetary influences which descend. Man, partaking of these vegetables, gathers into his being their peculiarities, absorbs whatever is essential to his growth, and throws off what he does not need. Man, then, is to some extent not only like unto the food he eats, but to the soil on which he treads, the branch he touches, the tree under which he reposes, and the aromas he inhales about him. To-day in a certain latitude he may be boisterous, to-morrow gentle as the dove, by change of location. To-day under the rugged oak, he may be strong, resolute; to-morrow, under the ethereal pine, he may be fine, gentle, divinely tranquil. Much, very much, depends upon the external circumstances. To-day he may be an angel in human form, to-morrow a demon. 'Tis apparently the same person—external circumstances affect, and, for the time being, change the character. The pendulum vibrates to one extreme, and, as it were, the passions are unbridled and they run riot, exhaust themselves. The pendulum comes back, vibrates in an opposite direction, and then there is weakness, then irresolution, incapacity for action.  
There is, then, a grand equilibrium life which through these irritations is to be reached. The cruder and more demoneal matter in the being is to be thrown off; hence there will not in the future be the necessities for the extremities of the past. Persons will go directly to a given point. They will neither veer to the extreme right nor extreme left. There will be a directness of action which could not be, so long as the angularities and irregularities were in the man. Now, because of these conditions, persons must be led in circuits, as the ancient Hebrews wandered in the deserts. The journey to the land of milk and honey by a direct line was slight; but there must be a people prepared to enjoy that land, else they might as well be in Egypt. In that wilderness they were developed, trained, became fitted to construct an outer and an inner temple. To travel with directness to a given point, anxieties, angularities, irregularities, disharmonies, must be worked out of the being. By the working and the fermentation of certain liquors they are brought into a finer and more ethereal condition.  
Two and two constitute four; never can they constitute a particle more or a particle less. Two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time. One will displace the other. The little seed is deposited; it has its place, it pushes aside the earth, upshoots its blade and makes its path. Man has certain elements. If his dominants are mainly external, spirituality cannot control him. Etherealism is matter, and as it takes possession of the man, it will push aside and work out the grosser elements, and fit and prepare him for a finer condition. Here are persons to be so refined, so etherealized, that they can act with great directness. Others may be travelling around the base of the mountain; they with majestic tread may ascend to its pinnacle, behold the travelers below; and be brought in conjunction with the ethereal elements above. There will come that condition when persons can truly say, "we and our Father constitute one." They will be filled with the fulness of God. His will will be theirs, his thoughts theirs, his mind theirs; and thus there will be impartations from these to the kingdoms below.  
NUMBER TWO.  
One looks upon a person, object, or a state of things, and the sympathies are brought into activity and the person weeps. Another person may behold the same objects, observe the same state of things, yet not weep; both are human, are organized similarly. But there are certain reasons why the same objects or subjects should excite the sympathies in one and not in the other. The Nazarene was sympathetic—wept at a grave, over a people, yet had sufficient moral courage to meet death with calmness. The finer the person, the more ethereal the state, the more easily are the sympathetic cords made to vibrate. This vibration may lead to the shedding of tears, or to redemptive action. In either case a sympathetic cord has been touched. So there are persons who, when they come within a sphere, electrify each other. Electric sparks kindle a flame. That flame may burn until that combustible matter is consumed on which electricity can act. The fire dies—the material is gone.  
Two persons approach each other. They are magnetically attracted. The finer cords of their being vibrate. This magnetism continues so long as there can be a magnetic interchange. When a magnetic equilibrium has been attained, then magnetism has no more power. There is, however, an ethereal action finer and more durable than the two named above. Comparatively speaking the two are of the earth, earthy—are comparatively coarse conditions. The third state is the ethereal. Now comparisons are necessary. An electric conjunction may continue three years; a magnetic conjunction may continue seven years. These two are a basis. The above calculations being correct, then an ethereal conjunction may continue twelve years. If, however, an electric conjunction continues but a single year, then the magnetic conjunction must be reckoned to continue a time corresponding to the electric, and the ethereal conjunction must be limited. There will be less than the three in the first, less than the seven in the second, less than the twelve in the third; the finer in its duration will correspond to the coarser. The mind may be stretched out back or below the electric,

and the conjunction will be transient in the ratio that it passes down, and will be perfect in the ratio that it passes up. This thought opens up for the contemplative mind the permanency of relations—helps to an understanding of the external and internal.  
At the present stage of man's unfolding he is incapable of grasping any subject which transcends etherealism; but there are worlds as much finer than the ethereal, as the ethereal is finer than the grossest matter. There are grades of etherealism, as there are grades of persons. All persons have some ether within the being. More—ether can be extracted from vegetable matter, but it is a coarser ether than that which is in man. Ether may be classified thus—its in the vegetable. Being there it must also impregnate the soil. Thirdly, ether is in the animal kingdom. Fourthly, 'tis in man, finer and more abundant than in the animal. Fifthly, in the very fine woman is more abundant than in the comparatively coarse man. Sixthly, 'tis yet more abundant in the highly spiritualized person than in the material woman. Seventhly, this ether in this highly spiritualized person forms a connection with persons in the spiritual or more etherealized conditions, and thus there are ascensions to the spirit worlds and descents to the highest in the earth state. These connections need to be so comprehended that intelligent persons can see the relation which the fine bears to the finer, and the finer to the finest. There is a superline and a-superior life; there is an electric life, a magnetic life, and an ethereal life. As persons progress they pass from the first to the second, from the second to the third—and persons becoming ethereal will be refined in the ratio that they become recipients of the finer ethers. From these persons there will be impartations without disturbance, because the ethereal life has been reached, and the interchanges will be agreeable in proportion to the qualities of the ether which is emitted.  
Here the mind pauses. An effort has been made to unfold to man a beauty and a harmony of conjunction which has not been thought of. Persons have met as the brute meet, to gratify the animal propensities. Their offspring are brought forth in sorrow, but when persons enter the ethereal worlds these irritations will not be; there will be ethereal harmony, ethereal tranquillity, and the wants will be of an ethereal character. Brought thus into happy conjunction, persons can dwell in the ethereal regions, subsist on the more ethereal products, inhale the more ethereal aromas, and will clothe themselves in the more ethereal robes; be able by a thorough knowledge of ethereal laws to transport messages from mind to mind; be able to construct machines which shall be propelled by the coarser ethers; and the world of ethereal thought will be inflored to the being.  
(To be Continued.)  
For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**THE EDEN STORY.**  
BY JOHN SMITH.  
PART I.  
It was morning in Eden; Adam and Eve had just finished their repast. The sun was shining brightly in the heavens, and they wandered for a time through their garden to observe the growth of their plants. Many years of their life had elapsed and successive changes of the seasons had always brought the same delights—but now they rambled listlessly and from habit, for nothing seemed different from what it had been before. There were the same flowers, but they observed them without interest, for the progress of the seasons had only renewed the old sensations they had experienced for so many years. The quiet beauty of the day, the glorious sunlight and the gambols of the animals, had lost their attraction; although both were affected by the same influence, yet in each it was exhibited differently, for while Adam walked quietly and without discomposure as in reverie, Eve was flitting restlessly from fruit to flower, and then going back to Adam's side and addressing to him remarks which showed she took no interest in what she saw. At last Eve, according to her frequent custom, left Adam to attend to the duties of the day, but she was restless still.  
In one of the pauses of her work she saw an angel approach. His piercing eye which seemed to penetrate every thought of her heart, impressed her with a sense of power such as she had never received from any of her angelic visitants; the majesty of his tall form, and the earnestness of his gaze told her that she was about to receive a communication of no ordinary importance. All her listlessness passed away in an instant, and with her natural grace she immediately addressed her visitor requesting him to occupy one of the seats of the garden, while she called her companion.  
"I gladly accept your kindness," said the stranger, "for I have traveled far; but call not Adam, my communication is to you."  
Eve was astonished, for the heavenly messengers had previously directed the greater part of their conversation to her lord, while she had been little noticed, except as the minister of their household wants. She felt flattered therefore at this mark of confidence on the part of her distinguished guest, and seating herself at a short distance, awaited his message.  
"Tell me first," said her visitor, "how you occupy yourself during the day?"  
"Our occupations are not fatiguing," said she. "We trim the trees and the shrubs as God taught us, and we keep the walks clean. My bow and

my bed and the preparation of food are my principal charge, and when these are finished I help Adam in managing the trees and vegetables."  
"But do you know how to form and shape the best instruments for your labor?"  
Eve showed him a rude stick which she had been using to loosen the earth, and to set her plants.  
"This is our spade," said she, "we have but few tools, can there be anything better than this?"  
"And how did you procure these tools?"  
"God gave them to us; we have never thought of altering them or getting others."  
"Do you have any animals to work for you?"  
"How can animals work?" said Eve. "They can't hold a spade or trim the trees, or set them out."  
"They can do very much that you are now ignorant of, and can be made useful in many ways. Your tools also can be improved so that you can perform your work with much less labor than it requires now."  
"We always supposed that tools must be made in this way. God taught us to make them so, and they must be the best."  
Her dark-eyed visitor then showed her a knife which he held in his hand, and with which he severed a limb from a large tree in an instant. The limb was one which Adam and Eve had long wished to remove, because it interfered with other trees, but it had become so large that their united efforts had been insufficient to break it. As it fell, Eve started up in amazement at the rapidity of the work.  
"Can I cut off limbs as easily as that?" said she.  
"Let me try the knife."  
"No, but you can work far more easily than with your present tools; and with a little practice you will be able to use it in such a way as to accomplish many things now impossible to you. Take the knife and use it for yourself."  
Eve was astonished at the ease and pleasure with which she could prune small limbs from the trees, and was so delighted with the knife that she might have occupied herself with it the whole morning, if her visitor had not interrupted her. "I could show you many other things," said he; "but of what use would it be? If I should give you tools they would be of little benefit, for neither you nor your children would know how to mend or replace them."  
"What are children?" said Eve; "we have no knowledge of them."  
"Beings of smaller stature and powers than you, who come from you and grow to be like yourself and Adam."  
"Oh!" exclaimed Eve, "if I could have such a being with me, I should never grow tired. I could take him about with me all day, and show him everything. Adam could teach him and we should both be so happy!"  
"Yes, you would truly be delighted. Your child at first would not be as high as your knee, and you would see him grow from year to year. You have seen the kittens play around their mother, and how the mother nurses and watches them and delights to take care of them? Your pleasure would be much greater and higher than hers, and you would always feel the same enjoyment in it. There is nothing on earth, not even your love for Adam, which would satisfy you more."  
"Oh, it would be too much happiness. I will tell Adam. But how must I do?"  
"Have you lived so long in this garden and never discovered how you must learn all things?"  
"We mean the tree of knowledge—but God says if we eat of it we shall die."  
"God means that knowledge is to be attained through suffering."  
"Then we shall be miserable, too—what do you mean?"  
"I wish to tell you that the greatest happiness can only be attained by occasional sorrow. The birth of a child will be painful, but you will care nothing for that when you are nursing him. You will so love him that you would suffer a thousand times the pain rather than part with him. So it will be troublesome for your children to learn how to make knives and to employ animals in working, but these acquirements will be so useful that they will never part with them, but go on improving from generation to generation, and when such things are once learned they become easier by practice and men will take pleasure in them."  
"But how can we eat of the tree of knowledge, when God forbade us to?"  
"You are left to your own choice. If you prefer to live among the trees and plants, trimming them up and laying out your garden, year after year, on the old plan, you can do so. If you seek to know all the modes of improving the growth of trees and forming the most beautiful flowers, of taming the wild animals and making them cultivate your ground and carry you from place to place; if you wish to penetrate the mysteries of the earth, to know its formation, to draw from it all its treasure, and to render your descendants numerous, wise and powerful—if you would learn the laws of the upper spheres, and know how and why the sun and moon and stars appear to revolve around the earth and to change their places; if you desire to penetrate the secrets of the future, and look down through the long ages in which your descendants are to inhabit the earth, and see how they will grow and become powerful and die, and to what regions their souls will be transferred when they leave their bodies upon earth, you have now the choice. And," added the stranger in a lower tone, "if you seek to know all the pleasures and pains of a mother's

love and to draw your Adam closer to yourself by love for your offspring and his, you must be bold and resolute."  
Eve was awed by the words of the stranger, and her bosom heaved with conflicting emotions. She clasped her hands together and looked on the ground; then she raised her eyes to the heavens. At that moment an eagle started with a scream from a neighboring tree, and soared high up in the air. Eve watched him with a kindling eye till he became but a speck and then vanished from her sight. Her resolution was taken.  
"I will be like the bird," said she; "I will have knowledge, though it costs me death. I will no longer be confined to this routine of daily work. If the paths of knowledge are thorny they are yet bordered by flowers. The wants of my nature can never be satisfied in this garden, beautiful as it is."  
With a firm step she passed to the tree of knowledge. She had often gazed at it with something of dread, but now she beheld the lofty and beautiful tree with pure admiration. She plucked and tasted a few apples that were easily reached, and then turned to the stranger. "You who have so filled my mind with a desire for knowledge, must now join me in persuading Adam to do as I have done."  
The stranger led her to a quiet spring and bade her bend over and look into it. Eve had often before enjoyed the girlish pleasure of adorning her hair and limbs with flowers and admiring herself in this spring, but now she was startled at the beauty which beamed from her eyes and seemed to envelope her face as with a halo. She hastily snatched some fig leaves from a neighboring tree and fastened them around her form, that her radiant face might appear more beautiful by the contrast. Then placing a few roses in her hair, she turned to the stranger. "I understand your lesson," she said, "you think I shall be able myself to persuade Adam. Be it so. I feel my power already." She abruptly left the stranger and sought her companion.  
PART II.  
Adam was at his labor when Eve approached. He did not perceive her till she laid her hands upon his shoulder. Adam started as he beheld her, for her wonderful beauty, so different from her usual placidity, told him that something extraordinary had occurred. He stepped back and gazed at her as she stood in her loveliness and majesty. With her natural taste she had placed herself in front of a dark cedar, and as Adam looked her overpowering beauty thrilled him with astonishment.  
"What has happened, Eve? How have you gained beauty, such as I never saw before?"  
Eve approached and kissed his lips. "I love you more than ever now, Adam, for I feel within myself greater power to love," and she clasped him close to her breast.  
"Have you not loved me enough—you who continually watch to gratify every wish of mine?"  
"I have only loved you according to my power. Henceforth we must love each other as gods."  
"But I am only a man—how have you become divine?"  
"Only as you can and must be. Look into my eyes," and she fixed them tenderly on his.  
Adam looked deep into her beautiful eyes, overflowing as they were with tenderness toward him, and radiant from the newly born light within; but he failed to penetrate the secret, and Eve saw that she must tell plainly what she wished him to guess.  
"I had a visitor from heaven this morning, Adam, and he told me much that I had never thought of."  
"Is that all? Why did you not call me?"  
"He wished me not to do so."  
"Has he departed?"  
"I have but just left him—he has induced me to do what I never dreamed of doing before. Can you not see the change in me? Can that be wrong which has made me so lovely?"  
"Your mysteries terrify me. Tell me plainly all that has happened. A wondrous change has come over you, and yet you hesitate to tell me, and you say I can become divine like yourself. How can all this be?"  
"You know the tall tree in the midst of the garden?"  
"What! the Tree of Knowledge? You have eaten its fruit. You have disobeyed our Maker! Know you not that sentence of death is passed upon you? Know you not that you must leave this garden?"  
Adam passed his hands over his face and sank down in mortal agony. The thought of losing his dear companion, the unknown terrors of his sentence, the offence against the Creator—all rushed upon him and rendered him incapable of utterance. This was the dreaded moment for Eve. She had scarcely imagined the possibility of losing her love, her partner through all the pleasant hours of her life. Must she accomplish her mission through the world alone? The future rose before her in all its terrors, but with her newly awakened powers she cast back the thought and summoned up all her resolution to avert the calamity. She repressed her rising tears, and kneeling down beside her beloved Adam, drew his head upon her breast and stilled his anguish by words of endearment. Unmindful of her own agony, she employed all the arts which long tried affection had taught her, to comfort her companion. At length he spoke: "Must I lose you? Must I dwell forever alone?" and Eve saw that the thought had not yet entered his mind that he could like her aspire to taste of



knowledge and power. A new pang was added to her terror.

"My Adam will be like me," she said; "he also will learn the beauty of knowledge. We will move through the world together, and he shall be my instructor. There are other gardens besides this, and other occupations. We will leave this place and seek other fields of labor. With you by my side, no path will be difficult or dreary."

Then Adam submitted to what he supposed to be his fate. "Yes, I must go with you," he said. "After seeing your face as it is to-day I could never endure a separation."

Eve could not be contented with this, and she repeated all that her visitor had told her, adding, "I could never be satisfied that you should go with me and partake of the burden of my sorrow unless you are first filled with the same aspirations as myself. Have you ever examined the Tree of Knowledge closely? Let us visit it."

They arose and walked together to the tree. A light cloud rested as always upon its lofty summit, but its beautiful leaves sparkled as they fluttered in the sunlight. Adam had never before observed it so closely, for the terrors of a Divine command had always repelled him. Both stood for a time lost in admiration.

"Such beauty was never meant to be wasted," said he. "How fair and large the fruit is upon the upper branches!"

"Yes, but we cannot reach those. Do you not see it is impossible to climb so high? The cloud covers it. We cannot see how high it reaches, but the higher we look the more beautiful is the fruit."

"It means that the higher and better the knowledge, the more difficult will be its attainment."

Eve plucked some of the fruit and gave it to Adam. Its variety and unrivaled beauty astonished and delighted him. "The angel told you truly," said he. "The time has come when we can no longer enjoy ourselves here as formerly. Our occupations, by constant repetition, have become tiresome and uninteresting. It is time for us to go forth from this garden, and become acquainted with new scenes." Adam tasted the fruit and was delighted with its sweet and lively flavor which, different from that of all other fruits, seemed to excite even while it satisfied.

"Henceforth," said he, "we will seek knowledge together, and the seed from this tree must be scattered throughout the earth. If we meet others like ourselves we must impart our knowledge to them and receive theirs in return."

A glow of happiness passed over Eve's sweet face as she heard this, and she seized the hand of her companion and pressed it to her lips. At this time the divine messenger appeared and his brightness and noble figure astonished Adam.

"You have done well," said the angel. "Nothing should deter you, not even the supposed commands of the Deity should have power to prevent you from seeking your true happiness where it can only be found in the advancement of yourselves. The prohibition to seek knowledge was only intended to preserve you from certain errors into which you were liable to fall through want of judgment, in the early stages of your existence. Since those are passed your highest good will be attained by the closest possible examination of all the workings of Nature. Learn in the first place everything that conduces to enhance or delay the growth of plants, for this is the great laboratory of Nature. The world will be rugged and barren before you at first; you must go far hence and seek your sustenance amid its vast expanse; but there are fertile fields and flowery plains, as well as lofty mountains and barren deserts. All are for your use and from all of them you and your descendants will gather food for the body and the mind. You will overpower the strongest of the animals and appropriate all for your own benefit. The gods of whose nature you partake will watch over and guard you, and be ever at hand to preserve you from danger, until you have gained the skill and experience necessary for your own security."

"Will you not tell us," said Adam, "something more of the meaning of the punishment implied in the threat 'thou shalt die,' made when our Divine parent placed us in the garden?"

"Death," said the angel, "is a change of life. To-day you die to Eden and pass into the world. You have outgrown this garden—it is no longer your fit place of residence, and you must seek a new sphere of labor, with new cares and anxieties as well as loftier rewards. This is the death that happens to you now. After many years another change takes place. The divine spirit which inhabit your bodies will leave them and you will then go to begin a new life among the angels. That will be a change vastly more glorious and important than the present one, and each succeeding life will only carry you to loftier heights of knowledge and power."

The soul of Adam was thrilled at the glorious prospect thus presented. All doubts vanished as he looked beyond the few years of trial to his destined greatness. His form dilated and his countenance glowed with the sentiment of his new born enthusiasm. "Is such my destiny?" said he, "is heaven so near? Then welcome all the perils of earth, since they fit me to become an inhabitant of the glorious abodes where dwell the angels with whom I have so often held high communion."

Eve had been no less enraptured with the words of her glorious visitor, but her overmastering interest in Adam, had kept her eyes fixed upon him with unmoved attention. As she beheld the change in his expression, her eyes filled with the happy tears of relief from apprehended calamity, and of exultation at a desire attained. When she heard his outburst of enthusiasm she threw herself upon his breast and was clasped to his heart, sobbing with joyful emotion. "Now you are my own, my own forever!"

The angel stood for a few moments silently gazing on this scene of conjugal tenderness and affection, and when the flood of Eve's tears had subsided he resumed: "My children, your Divine parents rejoiced at the constant affection you felt for one another in the garden; they look with delight upon your present emotions of love and confidence. It is needless to tell you to cherish these feelings while you live, but I am permitted to say that if you perform faithfully the duties of your life upon earth, the change of which I have spoken if it removes one before the other, to the habitation of the angels, will be no hindrance to your enjoyment of each other's society, or to the reception of each other's love."

"And when we have left this garden," inquired Eve, "shall we not be visited by the angels as heretofore?"

"Sometimes they will visit you; but it is necessary that you should learn to depend upon yourselves, and therefore their visits will become less and less frequent."

"But how," said Adam, "shall we be preserved from errors and mistakes?"

"You partake of the nature of your Divine parents," replied the angel, and his lineaments glowed with the depth of the thought within, as he added: "This divine nature will always prevent you from doing anything contrary to the highest interests of the universe; and remember that the highest good of the universe is the highest good of each individual within it. Whatever errors you may commit therefore, will only be temporary in their effects, and will eventually be seen to result in good to the world and to yourselves. Whatever trials or sorrows you meet with, and they will be many, never lose your faith in your Divine parents, or in the happy destiny that awaits you. Repel all mistakes as best you can. This can best be done by a careful study of the laws of Nature, and they will appear to you more beautiful and grand the farther you advance in knowledge of them. But it is now evening. Repair to your bower, take refreshment and rest, and be ready for the labors of to-morrow. Carry with you on your journey such things as you deem most necessary. You will be guided on your way till you find a proper place for your future habitation."

Saying this, the angel passed from their sight and returned to his celestial abode. Adam and Eve would sometimes at first, after days of severe toil or privation, regret the loss of their pleasant abode, but as they saw their children grow up around them, and learned to adapt themselves to their new conditions, such regrets became less and less frequent, and long before the close of their earthly lives they had surrounded themselves with comforts to which those of Eden were not to be compared. When death approached they did not look upon it with dread, for they knew the truth of the promise of the angel that it should only be a change to a higher life.

#### Letter from New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., February 11th, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: All hail, ye laborers in the cause of human progress! It is with unbounded pleasure and heartfelt satisfaction that I greet all who labor for the advancement of mankind, and especially those engaged in the great work of spiritualizing and harmonizing the world.

Spiritualism, before the war, had only risen from the waters of superstition, and reached the first ground upon which to pause and look around, and take breath from its struggles into life. During the war it has been in its first valley of rest: Now, fully refreshed and invigorated, and prepared for its great journey, it will toil up the mountain of its youth, and lay the great foundations of its future manhood and its period of power. Then, mark well, its strength will be manifest against the conflicting creeds of men. Then we may expect a terrible crash among the dry bones of all the old theologies. Then, of course, it will commence its more laudable work of love and wisdom.

It moves my soul deeply and makes my heart feel earnest and strong, to see with what vigor and energy the great spiritualizers are at work. That matter of organization I am glad to see go on too. Single handed, Spiritualists can do little, and have a hard road to travel; but united, and sworn to dare and to do, they will overwhelm and subdue all the creeds of the world. Like the fable of the old man and his quarrelsome family, words would not reconcile them, so he bade them lay a bundle of sticks before him. He told the sons, one after the other, to take it up and break it. They all tried in vain. Untying the bundle, he gave them the sticks to break, one by one, which was done with ease. Then the old man said: "Thus you, my sons, as long as you remain united, are a match for all your enemies; but differ and separate, and you are undone."

I should be glad to see the Spiritualists, and all liberals, free thinkers, social reformers, organize upon some grand system of fellowship. A platform can be devised broad enough for the saint and the sinner to all get aboard of, and those that can't get a board can get a rail, and then launch. These things, Spiritualism, moral reforms, etc., are certainly the forerunners of a something, which is as certainly bound to assume a regularly organized body sooner or later. I think it would be a good plan to call a general convention of Spiritualists and moral reformers of the world—say give a year's notice of the event, for the purpose of giving form and system to the great work which has so long, for generations, been working its way up through chaos.

Suppose the Spiritualists and reformers of this earth would organize and appoint a master mind for a head center to be elected periodically, or as the wisdom of the organizers might direct, what a power over the institutions of this world it would produce, even in the brief period of ten years.

I say organize a grand cabalistic Spiritual Republic, with a theocrat and his cabinet, and a Spiritual Congress. I don't like to see so good a thing as Spiritualism carried along in so beggarly a way as it now is. Let it take body and it will rise, as does the giant oak above the rest of the forest, and stand aloof from the thousand and one scraggly and snarling creeds which surround it. Let it not be smothered and choked by the weeds of superstition, ignorance and bigotry any longer. These weeds grow for want of better seed. Sow broadcast the genuine wheat, and see how quickly these weeds return to their mother element, with their substance converted into good fruit.

Let the tree of Everlasting Life be firmly planted in the rich soil of this earth, and let suitable hands be appointed to watch over it and nurture its growth; and then, in the great future, we will all with united hands and hearts help Father God and Mother Nature gather in the bounteous harvest.

With many deep and heartfelt greetings to all of the true workers in the cause of Spiritualism and progress, I remain to each and every one with a devotion too deep for expression, your friend and brother,

JOHN W. EVANS,

1st Lieut. 4th U. S. Colored Cavalry.

[Ed. Note.—Head centers, Viceroy, Popes, Bishops and Priests, appertain to the institutions of the past. We trust the world has wisely outgrown such childlike wants. Spiritualists should look forward to that broad and ever expansive plane of life where each individual will recognize truth alone as supreme. Let us never bend the knee to nor make any one individual dictator to the free born soul in matters of faith or conscience. No, never. Let the highest light beaming into each individual soul guide and direct him in his ever onward and upward course toward the goal of unerring truth.]

M. Sartorius von Wattershausen, a distinguished geologist, who has devoted several years to studying the phenomena of Mount Vesuvius, has determined by ascertaining the specific gravity of the boiling lava thrown from the crater of the volcano, that the depth from which the substance is raised is something more than seventy-seven miles, and that the force by which its expulsion is effected is equivalent to the pressure of 36,000 atmospheres.

Run not after blessings; only walk in the commandments, and blessings shall run after you, pursue and overtake you.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

#### Charity.

[An Improved Poem, given through C. FANNIE ALLYN, in Rankin Hall, Rockland, Maine, Sunday, Dec. 31, 1865.]

Charity! sweet and beautiful virtue,  
Springing from the flowers of earth;  
Gleaming freely by the wayside,  
Midst life's darkness, woe and death.  
Like a lighthouse on a hilltop,  
When the storm God sweeps the sea,  
Warning with its loving watch-words—  
Such is heavenly Charity!

Like a star 'midst midnight blackness,  
When the skies are dark with storm,  
Beaming out to guide the pilgrim,  
Keeping all his home thoughts warm;  
Such the love that, guiding earth ones,  
Waves the fault that critics see—  
Shining out in starlike beauty,  
Gentle, faithful Charity!

Like a ray down in the forest,  
By a sweetly murmuring rill,  
When all else is cold and gloomy,  
And the earth is damp and chill.  
Such the heart that, blessing others,  
Sends forth its fragrance free,  
Breathes, in every thought and action,  
Godlike, truthful Charity!

Like an oasis in the desert,  
Mid the dry and burning sand,  
Cooling with its grateful freshness  
Wayward feet that scarce can stand.  
Such the love that strengthening tried ones,  
Weary wandering on earth's lost  
Waits bright hope to many a bosom—  
God-sent, heaven-blessed Charity!

Like a pearl within the ocean,  
Shining with a crystal glow,  
While around and o'er it rushing,  
Angry waves do ebb and flow;  
Like a gem on some lone mountain,  
Shrouded by a towering tree—  
Pearl-like, gem-like, ever glorious—  
Such is angel Charity!

Like a pure white water lily  
In a dim, stagnant pool,  
In its innocent, bright beauty,  
Acting out the Golden Rule.  
Such the depth of kindly feeling,  
Which in all can goodness see;  
Such this blossom of the spirit,  
Lily of pure Charity!

Friends! Then would ye gather wisdom,  
And unfold to angels sight  
Hearts that dare, with love and justice,  
Nobly work for Truth and Right?  
Take within your hearts this virtue,  
Pure and brilliant, sparkling, free;  
Nourish, culture, and wear it,  
Glorious, heavenly Charity!

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

#### A Word to the Western Spiritualists.

There are thousands of Spiritualists in the West without any centers of co-operative unity. In many places there are occasional meetings and semi-occasional lectures; but even these periodical meetings are to a great extent carried on by one or two persons, who bear all the brunt of the work and the frowns of prejudice from an ignorant and bigoted public. In some sections, two persons only, and they for years, have taken all the responsibility, and paid the heaviest part of the necessary expenses. After a time, such persons, no matter how generous and noble they may be, weary of the burden, while others standing by and enjoying the fruits of their labors, do little or nothing to help on the work. Then comes a crisis when organic unity must arise, or the public meetings cease. Now, especially, is the necessity for the associative unity of action among Spiritualists beginning to be felt everywhere.

Now let it be understood in the outset, that I am not urging an organization of Spiritualism, but am showing cause for associative unity of Spiritualists and all liberals, of whatever name, in the various localities of the West. It is not a National Central Bureau we need, but concentration and union of all the liberal minds in the West, around local centers, as convenience may indicate. Any commensurate national or representative unity of American Spiritualism is impossible until there are local centers which can correctly represent the views, interests and feelings of the different sections of the country. In the last National Convention, Indiana had not one accredited representative. The public would naturally ask: "Are there no Spiritualists in Indiana?" There are thousands of true-hearted Spiritualists in the State; and beside this, there is also a large share of the outside liberal, or, as it is called, "infidel" element, which only lacks union to make itself felt at home and in neighboring States.

But how shall we secure this unity in the question? I answer, in every village, city, and town, meet, unite under the form of business committees, to secure lecturers, then call a State Convention, and let a delegate be sent from each neighborhood where there are six liberalists, of no matter what name. Let these delegates devise some clear, consistent, and operative plan of associative effort, or adopt one already devised, and let this plan be accepted in form, or by modification, by the respective districts of the whole State.

Don't send delegates to "make speeches," but to work out some feasible plan which will unite the whole free power of the State into solid form. First, begin at home to unite; then unite the State, then the nation. Then our National Convention will stand some chance of being a truly representative body, and not before! It will then secure a close, firm, adequate and capacious system of national unity. Delegates will then be able to say what their localities require, for the localities themselves will have spoken. There will then be something for them to represent. They will not be left to loose and heterogeneous speculations, but will stand out as representatives of communities of men and women engaged in the great work of emancipating the thought, and spiritualizing the religion of the age.

I repeat: It is not the want of ideas, but of the united association of persons who have ideas. The effort for this object should begin in all localities where a half-dozen Spiritualists and "infidels" taken together, can be found. Let all localities form Progressive Lyceums with two branches, if thought best; one for general free discussions of the more exciting kind, and the other for the true method of education of children under the form of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Under the operations of the first, lectures of a scientific and spiritual character can be secured; under the other, the true culture of children, the new method of education, can be evolved into place and power. This is the crying necessity of the hour, especially here in the West. I meet it at almost every turn. We have power enough, but it is now diffused, and to a great extent squandered. It needs to be concentrated to be effective. The only way to concentrate it is to voluntarily unite its now dissipated and scattered elements.

The elements of this power are souls, their ideas and thoughts. Spiritualists! Concentrate yourselves, or see your power depart! When united truly, each soul has the strength and confidence of all the other members of his club; but disunited, each is, or may be, a source of weakness. Scatter a pile of blazing fagots, and they go out. Pile them together, and each burns with the fury of the whole pile. So with souls. Bring them together, stand them in front of each other, and each one quickens all the others, each provokes all the others to fresh thoughts, or to loftier and more humane deeds and a diviner life. No matter if some be infidels and others Spiritualists, and still others Orthodox, (though the Orthodox will not come), for soul quickeneth soul, and all the more when each differeth from the others. I read the very notion of an association of conformists, even if they are all Spiritualists. For in such a society, the greater conformity of sentiment and opinion, the greater the lack of the stimulus to thought. "Agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," and in order to agitation of thought, contact of differing and various ideas is necessary. The one thing to be avoided by the Spiritualists of America is a standard of conformity. Nor is it necessary to have conformity of opinion, in order to unity of associative effort. Spiritual Philosophy, in its very genius, recognizes the fact that each person is a new classification of faculties, and hence makes all due allowance for the divergent utterance of all reasonable minds. True, all truth is a unit, if any soul be clear enough to see above the realms of appearance, and behold the sacred vision of the Infinite Wholeness; yet, while here, we only see the world piece by piece—in fragments—as broken lights of the Eternal Intelligence. You see one piece as a sun, a star, or gravitation; I see another, as chemical affinity, or spiritual attraction; while a third soul beholds the great law of correlation of the physical and spiritual forces. Let us come together, as from a fresh inspiration, commissioned to teach each other our several visions of the Cosmos, assured that each has something the other needs, for instruction, for correction, and for mutual elevation. Rest assured that intellectual activity will decline just in proportion to a coerced external conformity. It takes all souls to receive the full and complete revelation of the vast system of things. The complete vision of the Great Apocalypse is too vast for any one soul on this strand of time. Drifted waifs, strange portents, and broken fragments of the Infinite Veritas, reach us here; one finds one hint of immortal things, another a different one, and a third still another. Let us come together in the spirit of a lofty unity of aim, and plenty of room will be found in our societies for all possible honest views. If the aims of souls be truth and goodness, the paths of their march shall converge toward the throne of God. Our social unity must be found in the spirit of a great and lofty purpose, and not in any attempt at conformity of opinions.

Atheists can as honestly aim at truth as Spiritualists. Both, therefore, can associate together in its pursuit with the most divergent convictions. Why not then invite all liberal thinkers in the various localities to join in this great pursuit? Will these differences of view set you quarreling on the way? Then you are not capable of any true society; and never until you can differ calmly and kindly, will truth take up a permanent abode in your minds.

Besides, it needs that we be compelled to account to each other for our views and convictions, in order that the weak points thereof may be revealed to ourselves. He who never sees the possibility that he may be mistaken, is in no good frame of mind to get more elevated and freer views of truth. Each thought needs the corrective of an opposing or divergent thought to force upon us, if in no other way, the conviction of the possibilities of a higher and better statement. Some minds there are complete enough in themselves to do this work for themselves; to alternately affirm and deny their strongest conviction; to mentally stand to their dearest ideas and doctrines in the attitude of a skeptic or a questioner, thus compelling those ideas and doctrines to render up their contents, to unfold the grounds of their truthfulness or untruthfulness, and to reveal their relations to other doctrines and truths, thus putting their possessors into full command of their strength and beauty. Such souls are rare. Only one or two appear in a century. The masses need the provocation of a sturdy denial from other minds to drive them down into the foundations of their own convictions and ideas. And until, by some means, the masses can do this, they will remain only a bulk of cerebral lumber.

Now, association is the external method of doing this. It is the only social method of doing it, of course. Why not then, in our local, State and national societies, make room for this purpose?

Nor can we be too careful that nothing like even an implied conformity of convictions is necessary to operative unity of action in our associative effort. Few persons comprehend the meaning of Alexander von Humboldt, when he says that "the end of man, or that which is prescribed by the eternal or immutable dictates of reason, and not suggested by vague and transient desires, is the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and consistent whole;" that, therefore, the object "toward which every human being must ceaselessly direct his efforts, and on which, especially, those who design to influence their fellowmen, must ever keep their eyes, is the individuality of power and development;" that for this there are two requisites, "freedom and a variety of situations;" and that from the union of these arise "individual vigor and manifold diversity," which combine themselves in "originality." Spiritual societies need to remember this in instituting movements to secure organic unity and strength.

Spiritual philosophy, more than any other great religious movement, aims at the full, complete and harmonious development of all the powers of man, physical, intellectual and spiritual. Our blessed religion teaches that no set of our powers ought to be neglected. Hence the marches, gymnastics, songs, questions, etc., of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Here all the powers of childhood are provided for. None are neglected. And yet, here are the two great requisites of success, "freedom and a variety of situations," so combined as to evolve the most perfect unity of method, while it develops "individual vigor and manifold diversity," which at last culminates in "originality." Our lecture operations can be modeled on a similar plan. Let our associations become lyceums on a grand scale. When this is done, Spiritualism will become the leading and organic religion of the age. The success we aim at is not the success of a party, but the harmonious and complete education of humanity. A coerced conformity is inimical to this "chief end of man." The mental status of the members of the Catholic church is a full illustration of the sad fruits of a conformity which has been forced upon them. All intellectual and spiritual independence has departed; of soul, are unknown there; "originality" has given place to mere repetition of opinions of dead

men and dead centuries. Spontaneous worship and fresh inspiration have been superseded by the counting of beads, the senseless mimicry of mere formalism, and the mumbo jumbo of unmeaning rituals. There is, however, unity there; but it is the unity of a questionless conformity, the unity of mental imbecility, and not of souls; not the unity of lofty aims, which comes from the "leading of great duty and an endless horizon."

The Romish church is the type of an enforced unity of convictions of thought; sectarian Protestantism is the type of utter religious dauntiness, and now Spiritualism is to become the type of diversity in unity. The first secures unity by the destruction of freedom and diversity; the second secures liberty and diversity by the destruction of all spiritual unity, and the third should secure freedom and unity by a method which, while it guards against conformity, yet unites all in the pursuit of a great aim; and while it steadily provides for "individual vigor and manifold diversity," secures the co-operative effort and unitive effect of organic harmony.

Now, the question is, can this be done? Is it practicable? Will it actually work in practice? Why can it not be done? Nature does it on a large scale in all her kingdoms. Governments are beginning to do it for their peoples; why can it not be done in spiritual and intellectual associations? The great church of the future will do it, must do it. When men build governments and churches as God builds worlds, liberty and unity, harmony and diversity, will be associated together in the attainment of the great end of man.

If Spiritualism is to be the great church of the future, (as I fully believe it is to be,) it will become so, only by providing in its associative forms, for these two terms and conditions of a true spiritual republic. If unity be lacking, individual vigor and diversity become sources of weakness and not of power. If freedom and individuality be lacking, unity descends to conformity, and this engenders imbecility.

Unity must be secured by a purpose and aim so true and large as to command all minds spontaneously. I know of but one such purpose, viz.: that dictated by the eternal decrees of reason, "the highest and most harmonious development of all the powers of man to a complete and consistent whole." This great aim furnishes the element of an eternal unity. Centuries may roll away, yet man still develops, still advances, still aspires, is still susceptible of education. This center of unity still abides, so long as man continues imperfect in form, in faculty, or in force. It is a permanent center therefore of that kind of unity desirable in all intellectual and spiritual societies. The atheist can accept it equally well with the Christian or Spiritualist. Nor will either object to his own enjoyment of individual liberty, which will secure that diversity and consequent activity which develops "originality." Such a church will be the home of genius, the guardian of liberty, the resort of culture and refinement. It will gather in all that is fresh and vital in its own time. It will be the depository of science, the agent of reform, and the school of philosophy. "It will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters, and science for symbol and illustration." It will be a vital church, alive with the power of each new discovery in the realms of science or of the soul. And we are to lay its eternal foundations in timbers of solid light hewn from the everlasting substance of truth of ideas. On this age, and on the Spiritual movement, is devolved the glorious work. No other great religious movement attempts this task. This is the last effort of human thought to do this.

Spiritualism has already excited an intense individualism. Hence the intense intellectual activity among its believers. The present danger to the cause lies in this direction. At present, the want is associative unity. It is the constantly increasing perception of this need which will eventually evolve organization among us; and it is the danger of securing unity at the expense of freedom and individual independence, which we need to foresee and guard against; "forewarned is forearmed."

Again, the new organization should be of so large and liberal a character as to admit within its pale the most diverse and various elements, in order to secure that variety and amount of intellectual activity without which all societies soon become inert and inoperative for any purposes of reform or improvement. The tendency is to select like elements, to bring together only persons of similar ideas and convictions. This will not do for the church of the future. Spiritual Philosophy aims at repeating in society the divine order seen in the various kingdoms of the outer world. To model intellectual and religious societies, after the archetypes of nature, is the problem and task before us. The object is complete development of individuality under the forms and relations of social reciprocity. Individuality is the same as development, and the great object of all true social and organic unity is, therefore, the cultivation of the individual, the complete and perfect development of human beings. What more can be said in favor of a society than that it brings human beings ever nearer to the best thing they can be? Or what worse can be said of a society than that it prevents this? All social action, then, should subserve the entire development of the individual human being. In ordinary religious societies, the individual is nothing when his interests are weighed against the interests of the institution, and the "cause of Christ." This latter must be preserved at the cost of all individual liberty and development. Men exist for the sake of the church, not the church for the sake of men. The individual is submerged, and his genius dwarfed and cramped. Individuality is lost in the crowd. Men are trying to get saved in bundles, and not by personal development and individual worth. Public opinion is the great tyrant of all mediocre minds. Only a real individual can stem this iron rule. To so re-organize intellectual and religious society as to secure the emancipation of the individual, is no boy's play. Genius cannot flourish in the atmosphere of the popular religious societies. So soon as it begins to awaken and to work, it is pushed into the street, and crushed beneath the frowns of social disapprobation. We, as reformers, are to recognize this fact, and provide for it in our future associations. Our society should aim to stimulate genius, originality; in fact, our social organization should have these for its great central purposes. It is genius which is always the first to say and to do new things. Few are those who are sufficiently free from custom and conventionality to perceive and announce improvements on established practice, but these few are the salt of the earth. Without them, life would become a stagnant pool. If there were nothing more new to be done, it might seem more reasonable that the man should be lost in the mass; that genius should wear its chains; that all lofty individuality should be submerged beneath the weight of institutionalism; but even then, it would be a shame to the intellect of those who do the old things, to forget why they are done, and to do them like cattle, and not like human beings. Indeed, no intellectual quality but that of imitation,



would be requisite in a society of this kind, and monkeys have this faculty in common with man. A society of apes would be all sufficient for the purposes of pure conservatism organized. By conservative and mediocre slaves, genius is considered wild, erratic. One might as well attempt to compel the current of Niagara to flow as smoothly between its banks as a Dutch canal, as to force genius into the ruts of old St. Custom after it is fairly awake. Then, institutionalism delays the hour of the awakening of genius; and necessitates that, when it does awake, it must break off its ancient fetters at the cost of tears, social standing, reputation, and even of blood.

All our efforts, then, at unity of action, should recognize these dangers and provide for them. To my mind, the last National Convention did little, almost nothing, toward the evolution of a true systematic unity of reformers. I hope the next Convention will take up this question in the true scientific and philosophic spirit, and by analyzing all systems of organization, point out their errors and truths, their virtues and vices, their benefits and defects, and thus proceed surely toward the complete and proper solution of this great question. The past is rich in experiences we will do well to heed; and it is by a complete knowledge of its failures and its triumphs, that the reformers of this age can be taught to avoid the causes of the first, and secure the benefits of the latter. It is still a question with some, whether any organization is needed; whether it is not better to be always completely spontaneous in all gatherings for lectures, etc. Let such study their thought closely, go to its foundations, if it has any, and make an exhaustive statement of their views. On the contrary, let those who feel the necessity for organic association, complete an exhaustive study of their thought, and bring forth a full and complete statement of reasons therefor. Not one great debate, exhaustive on either side, has yet transpired. Not one exhaustive statement of reasons for either view has yet been made. Let the next Convention, or its committees, rather, prepare for this work, if consonant with its function. Let us have done with this surface work, and begin to treat those great problems of our movement with that largeness and depth of research commensurate with their interest and importance. In no other way can we command the truth in the matter, or the respect of public intelligence.

But this letter is already too long, and I must close. Let me say to the spiritual public generally, and especially to those localities where my services may be desired, I am to be in Troy during February, and after that, am free to call in the East or West, as the case may be.

Truly yours for progress,  
SELDEN J. FINNEY.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

#### Seances of Miss Jennie Lord.

DEAR EDITORS: Presuming that you are anxious to keep your numerous readers posted as to the different mediums, I take the liberty to address you upon the doings of Miss Jennie Lord, who has been astonishing and confounding the skeptics of Evansville, Ind., and the neighboring town of Newburgh, just ten miles above, on the Ohio river. Miss Lord has held six or seven successful seances in Evansville, at which all of the usual manifestations took place, and two at Newburgh.

These manifestations consist of music on the guitar, tamborine, ringing of bells, sounding the triangle and watchman's rattle, the spirits keeping perfect time with a violin player yet in the form. The instruments floated around the room, and touched many skeptics in the circle. They also passed water in a glass to four of the company.

Now we say spirits did all these things twice in our own parlor, as we managed the whole arrangements of the circle, and know that no one in the room moved a single inch during the continuance of the manifestations. We were very sorry that Miss Lord's health and mediumistic powers were not strong enough to enable the spirits to give seances in a public hall; as it was, not more than sixteen were allowed to be present at any one seance.

Slowly but surely the cause is moving on, and the scepter is being silenced and confounded. True, there yet are those very scientific people, such as doctors and clergymen who belong to the church, who cry electricity and mesmerism, who satisfy persons as ignorant as themselves, of the laws governing this subtle fluid (electricity.)

All we have to say in reply to their arguments is, that if these manifestations are electrical phenomena, that it is electricity of a more refined nature than that developed by Franklin, and subject to and governed by an entirely different set of laws (see *genius*), and we are much inclined to this belief. We think the phenomena may be produced by two connecting batteries; one on earth, and the other in the spirit land, and might very aptly be termed "spirit electricity," and governed by laws peculiar to itself, requiring no insulating stools, and over which the earth has but very little if any influence, or our earthly bodies either. The spirits must use our spiritual natures or spirits, in forming the earth battery, and then connecting with a battery above, the two coming in *rapt* with each other. One thing I do know, and that is, it is not the gross electricity of the earth and clouds, as every scientific man knows that it is not subject to the same laws.

I would add that the rattling of the tamborine was loud enough to be heard two hundred yards in the open air, and declared by our violin player at the seance, (a confirmed skeptic up to that time,) the best he had ever heard; and at his request it was repeated by the spirits, in what was very aptly termed by those present, a perfect break down. We thought sometimes that the instrument and table upon which it occasionally struck, would be broken in pieces. I never was so happy before in my life, and I feel my soul continually thanking the spirit or spirits for the perfection and positiveness of those manifestations.

God speed the good cause.  
E. LEWIS, M. D.  
Newburgh, Ind., Feb. 2, 1866.

RATHER A COMICAL REASON.—The Boston correspondent of a Springfield paper says a curious petition was before the State Council recently, "pressed very vigorously" by Rev. Dr. Neale and other leading men of the Baptist persuasion. It is for the pardon of a man who was sent to the State Prison fifteen years, for forgery. The Warden not long ago, detected by means of his correspondence, a deep-laid plot for his release, by reading alternate lines of one of his letters, and putting together certain underlined words in another, he found the plan was to get his mistress to write letters signed by a man's name, which were to declare the prisoner's innocence and the writer's guilt. The woman was then to come to Boston, dress in man's clothing, and personate this pretended rogue, and so induce the Governor and Council to grant a pardon, running the risk of arrest. Now, what do you think is the ground on which the pardon of this accomplished rogue is asked for? Why, that he has experienced religion!—*Boston Investigator.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

#### The Devil.

BY WM. A. LUDEN.

This Devil, who and what is he,  
That causes so much misery?  
When analyzed and brought to light,  
Methinks he'd vanish out of sight.

Our good old ancestors used to say  
His horns and hoofs he did display,  
And sometimes showed a cloven foot—  
Was six feet tall, as black as soot!

He appeared at first in heaven above  
More harmless than a turtle dove;  
Altho' created free from sin,  
Unholy thoughts did enter him.

And next we find him wide awake,  
A splendid and majestic snake,  
He wanders forth to Mother Eve,  
Where he his object did achieve.

This monster shook his slithering tail,  
Which frightened Eve till she grew pale,  
Then placed within her hand the fruit  
Which caused her ruin—oh, the brute!

Oh, Lucifer, why hast thou cursed  
God's noble children from the first?  
Why didst thou cause poor Mother Eve  
In such sheer nonsense to believe?

MORAL.  
Is not our Father still the same  
Eternal source of Truth and Love,  
Or did this serpent when he came  
Destroy the power of God above?

If so, there was a sad mistake—  
For how short-sighted must God be,  
To be outwitted by a snake,  
Which robs him of divinity!

New York City.

#### Spiritual Communication.

Sent for publication by a gentleman in St. Louis.

FROM DR. BULLARD, FORMERLY A MINISTER OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

I wish to give my experience (or growth if you please,) since I came to the spirit world.

I left the material world by accident (so called,) but had nearly finished my earth life career. I should not have remained on the earth, according to your time, over four weeks. Hence I gravitated to my place in the spheres prepared for me, according to my growth and development. I was not entirely conscious of my real existence for some fourteen hours. As soon as I became conscious I found I could not move out of earth life surroundings. I marveled much at my condition, and besought aid from the God whom I had served during my earthly career; but each word seemed to me hollow and meaningless, and I found when Nature had unmasked me I was not what I had tried to preach myself to believe I was.

I never was naturally a clergyman. I never filled the place according to what I conceived a clergyman should be, yet I believed I was rebellious, and not willing to work in my heavenly Father's vineyard, and I never denounced a sin or pronounced judgment upon a sinner, but I did it through fear, feeling that it would be expected of me, and that I was doing my Father's will by proxy.

Hence I found myself bare shorn of my strength, was not where I had the adulation of public opinion to buoy me up; but found myself standing alone, reading in characters of living intelligence every act of my life, every good deed, that I did from the pure impulse of my spiritual nature, and every one I did to be seen and heard of men standing side by side before me. I immediately called for help, and when it came my prayer was to point me to God, and I asked where, oh where, and the voice answered, look within, for until thou canst comprehend and understand the God within thyself, one ray from the great eternal source of intelligence would annihilate thee; and he immediately willed to my presence a vast multitude of clergymen of every sect and denomination and left me with them. There seemed to come over me as a zephyr's breath, a balmy influence of intelligence, and I saw the position and condition of each one.

I saw that they had lived entirely outside of themselves instead of inside; had attempted to unravel the beyond and neglected the present or now. Their moral natures seemed to be too weak and deficient to carry them out into Nature to investigate for themselves. The result was, they were waiting for the great promises they had relied upon.

Those things were shown to me that I might see the necessity not only of self culture, but self dependence, and found that I did not gravitate to my particular heaven, but immediately began to investigate my own self and nature. I found I could not associate with those free and independent minds, whose intellects and spiritual developments dazzled me, until I grew intellectually and spiritually up to them. Hence I saw that it was the moral nature that impelled us onward, and always, the intent was the motive power. Our thoughts were inactive and latent unless imbued with a divine will to self sustain ourselves.

My importance as a clergyman faded as the flowers in autumn.

I would not have the material world think that my life was misspent, for it was not; but I can now see where it was better to till the soil, to improve upon every scientific impression, lay hold of every improvement of nature, and employ their time in promulgating the truths of God in nature, as they are written in man's nature and revealed to him by that God within that makes no contradiction in his revelations; and I would have the clergy of the earth spend more time in cultivating the unwritten pages in each human heart rather than waste so much valuable time in attempting to seal the Bible of Nature in the vain attempt to make plain the fabled history of old.

I do not claim that there are no honest clergymen, but I feel more sympathy for their condition, for I know they expect so much and will gain so little, and it shall be my work to strengthen them in the truths of a divine Gospel, as they feel their grasp loosening from the timeworn myths of the past, for I would say to the world, no man can teach ye the ways of God until he has learned them himself, and those teachings must be the emanations and acts of his own soul, for here ye will not progress to that state of bliss and joy which is the acme of human destiny until ye have rendered unto yourself that which belongs to nature, for good and evil are conditions of ignorance and a demand within of knowledge. And now seek first the heaven of knowledge, and then evil, death, and hell are swallowed up in victory.

Professor Wheatstone ascertained that the duration of the electric spark does not exceed the twenty-five thousandth part of a second. A cannon ball would appear stationary in its flight, if illuminated by the spark; and the wings of an insect that move ten thousand times a second, would seem at rest.

J. B. Clifton to Anti-Monarchist.

To the Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In your issue of February 17th, over the signature of "Anti-Monarchist," I am taken to task for opinions expressed in a former article in relation to the Constitution of the United States, its original powers, its present status, etc. In consequence of the opinion I there expressed of the insufficiency of the Constitution to cover the emergencies that have occurred, I am charged with a desire to repudiate the Government indebtedness, to establish a monarchy, etc.

While "Anti-Monarchist" makes these broad assertions, and thinks he sees a settled, widespread purpose to repudiate the government indebtedness, still he does not bring forward the slightest proof to show that the Constitution contains within itself the powers that have been called into action during the last four years.

Before proceeding further, I will state that I am not a Secessionist, nor ever have been; a monarchist, nor ever have been; a repudiator nor ever have been. Yet I am bold to assert there is nothing in the Constitution to deprive an individual of his property without allowing him a consideration therefor, and I ask him what has been paid the slaveholder for his property in slaves—even the loyal portion of the owners, whose misfortune it was to live in a slave State? I claim further that while the Constitution contains the power to quell an insurrection, it is very lame on the point of a rebellion. I claim further, that the Constitution was looked upon with so little favor at the time of its adoption by the majority of the States, that it was three years after, before all the States came in; and the State of Rhode Island can hardly be considered as in yet, for she has so much of the old monarchial system still clinging to her that she could not until within a few years hardly boast of a republican form of government, and the writings of all those connected with the formation of this government that I am acquainted with, go to show that the main object of the compact was protection from a foreign foe rather than to form a centralized government.

Now, while at the time that President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, I saw the necessities of the case demanded it, still I searched in vain for the power in the Constitution to carry it out; and it is not to be wondered at, for much the largest proportion of the States at the time of its adoption were slave States, and it can hardly be supposed that they would confiscate their own property.

While that Proclamation was legally a dead letter until Congress, together with the vote of the States, ratified it, when it thereby became a law, it was not necessarily Constitutional, and is not and never can be, so far as loyal slaveholders are concerned.

Anti-Monarchist must understand there is a very wide difference between the necessity of a case, and the constitutionality of it; and while I agree that in whatever has been done, the end justified the means, still now that it is accomplished, I would have the Constitution or some Constitution to cover the case. If Anti-Monarchist still thinks that all has been done in strict legality and justice, let me call his attention to the fact, that in the year 1864 Congress levied an income tax on the year 1863. Now who ever heard of a retrospective law; and yet such a law was enacted, and the revenue collected, in many cases from government officers and others on a salary which they had spent the previous year, so that it bore very hardly, even unjustly, upon these parties. Still, though every country lawyer knew it was illegal and unconstitutional, this tax was paid by the writer of this article to the tune of three thousand dollars for that year.

The difference between Anti-Monarchist and the writer seems to be, that the former sees everything that has been done to be Constitutional, because it has been done; while the latter looks upon many things that have occurred, and the power that produced them, as he would upon a surgeon who amputates a limb; that is, the situation or case made it necessary! The situation was never dreamed of, however, as possibly occurring by the framers of that instrument, (the Constitution) and in any other position, the sense of justice of the nation would cry out against it.

Anti-Monarchist seems to have a holy reverence for the old Constitution, if for no other reason than because our forefathers framed it! Now, that to me is a very poor cause for admiration; and the very best evidence to me that that instrument is not capable of governing us to-day is, that it slept while nearly one half of our territory was being wrenched away from us, and perhaps a third of our population. Now, if the Constitution had defined itself clearly on all these points, it would have become sooner apparent that Mr. Buchanan was falling far short of his duty, and he would have been impeached instantly; but no, there was not a spot in the Constitution on which to place your finger that made plain the powers of the general government when brought into collision with the States.

"Anti-Monarchist" argues that if we are not living under and being guided by the Constitution, we are in a more terrible condition even than during the war. Well, let us see whether we are living under the Constitution or not. Let me ask him are the Southern States, as judged by the Constitution in or out of the Union? Are they States or Territories? Is Mr. Johnson or the radical party on the side of the Constitution? In order to settle this matter I respectfully ask "Anti-Monarchist" to quote the language of the Constitution bearing on these points, for I cannot find them touched upon there.

The truth is, we have outgrown the Constitution, and because some see it, "Anti-Monarchist" thinks that if that be the case, we must necessarily have outlived all moral or political honesty, and that if we lose sight of the old Constitution, the Ship of State and all embarked in it will be wrecked; but he need not fear—there is, and ever will be a majority, of both moral and political honesty in this government to save it from dishonor or destruction.

I see, also, that "Anti-Monarchist" apologizes for discussing politics in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and says "his understanding of the purpose of the paper was for the elucidation of God's principles." Now, while that may be said to be its main purpose, still I claim that the elucidation of God's principles is not confined to psalm singing, but to all that will elevate and benefit mankind; and I cannot conceive of anything better calculated to this end, than a good government. If "Anti-Monarchist" thinks that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was intended to advocate a new theology, or that its heading conveys that idea, then he or I is mistaken, (and I think I am not,) for I find the word "philosophical" at the head—and that word covers a great deal of ground, and should be the guardian angel of all religion, morals, or politics. Without it we are sure to fall into error and superstition; but with it we possess the magnet

that will separate the gold from the dross, freeing ourselves by the light of science from the dogmas and superstitions of the past, and making us cease to venerate anything for its antiquity, but to prize it only for its usefulness and real worth.

"Anti-Monarchist" surely cannot have failed to see that the world "Religio" or religion has in the last few years almost entirely changed its significance, being no longer the worship of forms, but facts.

In conclusion, permit me to say to "Anti-Monarchist," that he never was more mistaken in his life than in supposing that the writer, by urging a more centralized government, is in favor of a monarchy, even a limited one. I would have, however, less frequent elections, so as to give either party in power an opportunity to prove its political theories and to give stability to the laws which govern trade; and I would confer on the General Government such powers as would ensure the perpetuation of its boundaries, and a republican form of government, delegating to it the right to use any and all facilities embraced in that territory for the perpetuation of the same. All these points I claim are not now clearly defined (if defined at all) in the Constitution; and that is what I mean by a more centralized government, and with that government I am and ever have been willing to live and die with and for it, debts and all.

So I say again to "Anti-Monarchist," do not fear—the country is safe. The writer holds quite as many government bonds as he does, pays cheerfully quite as heavy a tax, and put in four years of the war for the defence of the Union, which I rather think is more than "Anti-Monarchist" did.

Respectfully,  
J. B. CLIFTON.

#### Letter from Miss Wheelock.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The Spiritualists of Janesville, Wis., have been renewed and strengthened through the ministrations of Charles Hayden; and though circumstances conspired to prevent my attendance at the lectures, I hear that the expectations of all who listened were more than realized, and there was a goodly number present, notwithstanding the weather was the most unpropitious of the season. Efforts are being made in this city to sustain regular meetings, and to procure the best lecturers. I hope we may succeed in our endeavors.

I hear so many appreciative words spoken of the JOURNAL, I cannot allow them all to pass without telling you, dear Editors, for they are heart-tributes to you for your faithful effort, and your success in making the JOURNAL what advanced minds demand, as an organ through which to give expression to the new thought and the fresh inspiration of the progressive soul. Indeed, I have come to regard it as a dear friend, whose weekly appearance I anticipate, for the information it gives me of progressive minds and movements, and for the acquaintance it enables me to make with its contributors through their productions.

Besides, I have a warm personal friendship for one amongst you, she who circles her name with a cluster of stars, and my eye looks early to that part of the JOURNAL's sky which those stars illumine, for their beams are pleasant to me, and their scintillations clear, sparkling and inspiring.

I herein extend the hand of greeting to our brother, J. R. Robinson, whose letters have had reference to utterances of mine, and whom I highly respect, not only for his frankness, but for the clearness and fairness with which he views the questions touching woman's rights; but he must know our lungs are strong for earnest talk—(we left off screaming when the years of childhood passed us;) for the spirit within is strong and purposeful, and impels to earnest speech. Aye, friend! we know our rights do exist in principle. We see them, we feel them, and furthermore feel ourselves appointed to repeat these truths often, and with earnestness, to the unbelieving world, that belief may spring to bud and blossom in their souls as well, for thus comes a recognition of rights, and finally human institutions are based and built upon them. Our motive, friend, is not to hurry these matters. We bide our time in cheerfulness and calm believing, attaching blame to none, but recognizing causes and their natural results, at the same time feeling a responsibility resting upon ourselves as laborers in the various fields of reform, where human destiny is being made and moulded to nobler fame, through the development of higher laws and principles. Meantime asking for the divine spirit of love and charity to abide with us, we are, fraternally thine,

ELVIRA WHEELOCK.

#### Extracts from Letters.

DEAR JOURNAL: I am delighted with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. But for a sick wife, I would be out getting subscribers for it.

\* \* \* I am an old philosopher, and have won the parchments of M. D. and L. L. D., and I gave six months to the investigation of Spiritualism in the commencement. The moment a philosopher avows that he is convinced that intelligent spirits control these phenomena, he is denounced as an enthusiast, a fanatic, or an impostor.

The comments on these phenomena applied to the miracles of the Bible, would overthrow them all. I admit that it is all science, all philosophy; but not the philosophy of the physical world, but of the spirit world. All are in harmony with laws spiritual. For I believe there is no chance, nor a single occurrence above, aside from or independent of fixed and unchangeable laws or rules or modes of action; but the spirit world can exhibit its phenomena in modes new to us, and always when we need them. And just now we need them very much, and I hope that they will occur more and more until all men are convinced of their immortality by actual intercourse with the spirits of their friends who have left their earthly bodies.

Yours,  
SAM'L UNDERHILL.

Peru, La Salle Co., Ill., Feb. 9, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER JONES: \* \* \* I have advertised some land for sale in your paper. It would gratify me very much to donate this land I advertise to the cause of progress and reform, were I not so unfortunately situated in a pecuniary view as to need the amount I offer to receive for it, that I may discharge obligations against me upon the small place upon which I reside and desire to hold as a homestead. Like many other Spiritualists, I was once in easy circumstances; but through a devotion to unpopular religious views, have felt the frowns of the world and the reverses of fortune. Yet withal, I believe I am the gainer. What I have gained spiritually fully balances what I have lost materially, and I can truly say with you, that I am really in earnest in my desire for the advancement of humanity, toward a higher, nobler and more glorious position in the scale of being.

In conclusion, I will make this proposition: That if through the aid of your JOURNAL or individual efforts, I am enabled within sixty days

to dispose of my farm for a return in cash of \$900, I will donate to the JOURNAL \$50 of that sum. I regret that my circumstances deprive me of power to enlarge the proposition tenfold in amount.

With hearty good wishes and warm esteem, I am, truly yours,  
D. S. FRACKER.

Berea, Ohio, Feb. 21, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: I am much pleased with your paper. If you choose to number me among your contributors, I should like to receive it, if consistent with your rules. If not, it makes no difference.

If you see any literary merit in my productions, I hope you will not discourage me by silence and uncertainty, but let me know if I can do anything for you. I am, however, no story-teller, and would be glad to see a paper which could be supported without fiction, which is aimless, and intended only for pastime. How many precious truths are crowded out and waiting for a hearing on this account, Heaven only knows.

Oswego, N. Y. G. L. BURNSIDE.

DEAR JOURNAL: Last Saturday and Sunday Mrs. F. P. Kingsbury, of Cincinnati, gave us two lectures in Alchire's Hall on "Spiritualism and Mediumship," which were listened to with marked attention by the audience, which was large, considering the warning given by some of the clergy to their members not to go to hear her, regardless of the fact that she lectured for the benefit of the poor. Her lectures were very fine, and I hope have done much good in giving the people a knowledge of our philosophy here, for many think Spiritualism consists of physical manifestations, and nothing else.

Gallipolis, O., Feb. 14, 1866.

S. S. JONES, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* In reference to the business matter, I should have arranged it differently, because I am a believer in the philosophy, published by you, and am unwilling to put even the slightest mite in the way of hindrance or cost to its publication, development and spread.

When I first observed your title, "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL," last winter, it caught my attention and approbation as being eminently needed at this day; but being wholly unacquainted with the persons named in the charter and with the philosophy held by you, it did not occur to me that it might be the same philosophy which, through the study of principles I had taken hold of some twenty-five years ago; nor did I become aware of that fact until Dr. John Mayhew brought your paper to this city, where I became a subscriber.

May your enterprise succeed and reward you in all ways, especially in the spread of the true philosophy of life, its duties and aims here and hereafter.

With regard and respect, your friend and obedient servant,  
SHARON TYNDAL.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 12, 1866.

It is true, that there is no true interior rest or place for any of us unless the religious, devotional, or highest aspirations of our natures are provided for and satisfied. It is also true, that there is no complete rest for any one without the intellectual or reasoning faculties are recognized, encouraged and satisfied. It is true that there is more apparent unanimity and mental tranquility in the congregations who assemble to worship in Orthodox churches than there is as yet in amongst Spiritualists when they congregate in numbers. It is true that impressible or sensitive persons (mediums), require harmonious associates and surroundings.

Hence the frequent periods of despondency, the disgust and unrest that comes to the soul in these meetings of Spiritualists when they get together, and begin to pull and haul, and spat each other intellectually under the impulse of combativeness, undertaking to analyze Bibles, churches, ministers, saviors, and creators, feeling almost indignant at the thought of prayer, or of there being any difference in human actions or impulses as to the righteousness of the same. How easy then, for such persons, magnetized by each other, to accept with a sort of fanatical rejoicing, their own favorite motto, "Whatever is, is right."

This is, as I think, only a condition, not to rest in or remain very long. It belongs to the life history of "the journey through the wilderness" to the promised land.

Instead of everything being right, almost everything on the earth, everywhere, respecting human society, relationship and conduct is wrong—wrong—wrong. There is truth in the theory sometimes, yet it is often so mingled with error, that candid observers oftentimes find the task of sifting and separating it a difficult one. The laws of nature being in and of themselves right, they are steadily bearing the human race onward toward some other point, either a place or condition of preparation for the right (or for the light) or else a condition for a better preparation, etc. It has always been painful to me to see any one disregard the devotional or religious sensibilities of another.

In one sense I believe I am a rigid sectarian. I believe in classes and groups, selections according to conditions and growths, but never in looking to the past for light for the present. Never think for a moment, seriously, of going back into the Catholic or any other church of the past for rest or quiet, or protection from the present wearisome tumult and Babel confusion that professed reformers seem to make now around us. Retire from the tumult. Sit quietly alone, or with such quiet minded, devotional, feeling friends as we may meet with. "When two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them."

We all need the alternate exercise of all our faculties, the devotional as well as the intellectual. I am glad to see all of our best speakers preparing the minds of the audience by a brief and beautiful prayer. I am glad to see those very beautiful and rational invocations given by the angels for your own excellent paper. Rational prayer will always be answered.

Prayer will aid in harmonizing the mind, quieting the thoughts, and render aid in the matter of gaining a calm, passive condition, in which alone we can be recipients of instruction and strength. "Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw."  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above."

The Nicholls' would not have been sent into the old Catholic church to work if they had not deserved to be sent there as much as the church deserved to have them.

But thou dost not deserve any such imprisoning, and my counsel is, not to be too intimate with the priesthood of that powerful circle of Spiritualists. The strongest power must always prevail in every conflict; it would take a good deal of extra exertion on the part of any good medium to keep them from going to the Catholic or any other church or organ-



ization, if that medium should frequently visit the leaders or magnetizers, and sit passively in their presence or under their counsels. Why? Because spirits in the form can control a medium as well, sometimes better than spirits or angels out of the form.

I think I have learned a good deal within the last four or five years about the law governing mediums. It has been a part of my mission to protect mediums, or rather to find quiet, secluded retreats for them while undergoing development, and to see that they were protected and shielded from both unbelievers and the large class of sponging believers. I had one young man for several months under my charge, who had been raised by the gipsies. He is one of the most susceptible creatures imaginable. I could at any time, if I wished to hear from a friend in the spirit world, I could write a note to the spirit, and embody as many subjects or questions as I pleased, put my note in an envelope, seal it, and lay it on the table in my office. He would be influenced (entranced), and write an answer, sign the name of the spirit I had written to, and when he came out of the trance he would not know that anything of the kind had been transpiring. I learned many things while I had him under my care, that will be useful to me. I have had half a dozen mediums that I have assisted and aided, some of whom may be heard from before the public, when the proper time arrives.

There must be as complete and perfect chastity among the members of a harmonious society as there is in the purest families, among brothers and sisters, or parents and children.

Whenever any considerable number are ready to enter upon a life of strict obedience to all the laws of nature, bringing into balance and subjection all the unbalanced passions or faculties that we have received by inheritance from ancestors; when the unions in marriage are from love, and guided by wisdom; when the mothers of offspring know the necessity of protecting themselves, and the fathers know and obey the necessity of protecting instead of abusing and injuring their own offspring before they are born into the world; when all these things can be realized, then, and only then may we expect harmony, permanence and prosperity to a New Church or society.

Children may then be born who will be the offspring of love, and then as they grow up to maturity, they will be able to manifest love, free from the grosser passions, the results of which now are overrunning, cursing, blighting, and almost ruining the race (especially that portion claiming to be civilized.)

I have, when I am careful in my diet and my general habits, a "gift of healing," so that I have sometimes done what looked impossible to my natural reason. Last summer, when dysentery was prevailing, and other doctors were losing a large percentage of all their patients, I had over a hundred cases, and did not lose one. I do not say these things in any boasting spirit, I only say it in a sort of feeling that it was well enough for old friends to report to each other occasionally. Whatever I may have one day had of a desire for fame, or the applause of the multitude, I think has passed away. I love quiet and retirement, and to be of any use in the world I find I must bring my life into harmony and order within and for myself.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

#### CIRCLE IN DENVER CITY, COL. TER.

At last a medium is found, an interest excited, and a circle formed in Denver. I presume we shall be heard from hereafter. I am almost persuaded to open my mouth in public. But it seems to me that is not in my line of duty. I am not a Spiritualist in the highest and fullest sense; only moonbeams reflected from icebergs, as some of your writers call such unfortunate beings as myself. Still there are uses for tadpoles and lizards, and all other unlovely creatures.

Fifteen years ago I fought some battles with a battle axe or some kind of an axe, and destructive-ness was active. But those were not the days of giants—only Lilliputians. The days of giants have come since then, and the small fry are laid or have laid themselves by. Well, it is all right, as Dr. Child says.

Can the committee give any reason why they appoint August or any summer month as the time for a general convocation unless it is to prevent a large class from participation? At this distance, my vision may be obscured; but it seems to me that late in the fall or winter will find more leisure, and secure a better representation. Farmers and laboring men certainly cannot go; lecturers and gentlemen of leisure can go any time. If I can cross a desert of 700 miles in winter, in a common wagon, sleeping out or on the ground floor of cabins, I think with coaches and railroads the friends in the States could stand the cold. Besides, August is a poor month for free thought and physical enjoyment. I have been out in the cold for twelve years without visiting a circle, or receiving a communication; only occasionally looked towards a progressivist; have not heard a lecture. How would you like this, who are reveling in the beauties and glories, as well as the martyrdoms of the new era? Do you think you would grow much on this kind of culture? The sun shines upon me, but no consciousness of the over brooding celestial; they may guard my footsteps, but dangers and evils come upon me; and this is all the culture I get. Many a time I have cast out the devils of disease for others; but now that I am confined by the rheumatism as the old folks used to say; no alleviating hand with magic touch to bid the pain depart from me. There may be compensation for this somewhere; but I cannot see it now. J. B. W.

I noticed in your paper an offer as an inducement for new subscribers, that you would send us the "Biography of Satan," or a copy of Miss Emma Hardinge's Lectures for each subscription, and I thought I would avail myself of the opportunity to get a copy of each, and have enclosed the six dollars required. I have read and heard so much about this notorious Satan, that I did not suppose that any one would attempt to write his biography at this age of the world. Many years have passed since his history has been given, and his character fully delineated by our ministers of theology, and it would seem that nothing more could be said. It would seem, from common report, that Satan is one of those unfortunate creatures everywhere spoken against, even by those who should be friends, for the priest's office would be of little worth without his special agency, and it seems unnatural and ungrateful that they do not appreciate small favors, even should they come from one they call wicked. It is true he has a very bad name, and they call him an enemy; but are we not commanded to love our enemies, and to render good for evil—and if we love our enemies, why talk so bad about them? They call him totally depraved; but has he not some good qualities? He

has suffered reproach—all the world could give. Language has been exhausted to find names suitable to vent their horrid conceptions; for all this he has not complained—he has not even acted in self-defence; he has shown a virtue that would do credit to a Christian. If then he is so lenient to his enemies, will he torture, and worse than murder his friends. It is said that he was made an angel of light, and that he transgressed and fell. Man was also made in the image of God—he also fell—both became lost in sin. I will now ask in all soberness if Christ came to seek and to save them that were lost, and that he does accomplish his mission and do all his pleasure, and that he will finish sin and make an end of transition. If so, will not Satan stand a fair chance for salvation? Should it appear that he acted well his part as designed by the Creator, and that all his attributes were derived from God, and that he was controlled to will and to do by those attributes, then who is to blame?

DEAR JOURNAL: All who are heralding the beautiful Harmonical Philosophy, living the lives of the pure and the good, are truly dear. These are they whose good deeds are recorded in the higher life. I, too, am a friend of humanity, especially the oppressed and downtrodden, so to speak. I would fain throw in my mite towards the uplifting of truth and justice wherever found, whether possessed by those holy and good in their own eyes, and maybe in the estimation of the outside world, or by that class whom the masses pass by, because not possessing wealth, power or influence. These, too, might be found to have performed many good deeds that have not been blazoned over the world, but think you the recording angel has passed them by unheeded? Not so.

It has always seemed strange to me that any one possessing reformatory or Christian principles can look upon his suffering fellow-mortals and not realize a saving sympathy in extending a helping hand if it is in his power to do it; but so it seems to be.

Take for example the late tragedy here. The poor destitute mother was driven to distraction by the blighting hand of merciless winter, and the cold shoulder of those who should have cared for her and her little ones. It was to the Spiritualists she looked for aid and protection. Knowing as she did, that her children would fare no better than she had, and that they were so badly organized, inheriting vices from a dissolute father, that they would ultimately become victims of the State prison, or perchance, the gallows. I say it is no wonder, in that condition, that she broke down as she did. I only wonder that she is not altogether bereft of reason.

I have understood that the girl imprisoned with Mrs. H. for evidence, though she was depending upon her own resources, sent her, in her greatest extremity, a sack of flour; and after she was imprisoned, her brother-in-law came quite a distance to bail her out, which assistance the noble girl did not accept, saying that Mrs. H. would sink if she left her. So she chose to be her companion in affliction. Such as she are friends in need, as well as in deed. May the angels guard them.

I have felt much interested for those two persons, both mediums. Daniel Baker is in appearance, manners and address a good, well-meaning man; was for some time the only friend Mrs. H. had who would help her in any way. She is a very innocent, good woman naturally. I sat in a circle once with them, and enjoyed it much.

I am fond of reading spiritual intelligence—the deep, true and pure, just from the spheres, and it seems, while reading such, I can almost feel the warming rays of love, light and wisdom from the sunny shores. Let me ask where, oh where can we find aught else on which to build our hopes of happiness either here or in the after life, or fill an aching void in a lonely heart. Yours for the truth that never changes. L. H. C.

Battle Creek, Feb. 5, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: A friend sends me your paper, and I have read it with as much satisfaction as the old Abolitionists read the message abolishing slavery. Your JOURNAL is another message of freedom, an emancipation of mind from the slavery of other men's opinions, from dogmas, creeds, and a faith too narrow for the understanding. We have cultivated as well as we should, a horror for Egyptian bondage, Southern slavery, Russian serfdom, and the French guillotine, without a thought that our own spiritual freedom is alike oppressed, that we are compelled to make material for other men's temples, without a straw of evidence to justify our submission, to give the substance of our labor to others without any just compensation, and our necks to their guillotine, that our moral force may be cut off.

Our spirit friends converse with us in this place in their natural voice, upon matters known only to the family circle, and join with brothers and sisters present in songs they were wont to sing when in earth life. I have held long discussions with them upon the most intricate subjects of philosophy, much to my advantage. Still, their modes of reasoning bear the characteristics of their earth life education, and their knowledge seems to be limited to the field of their experience and education, though they have much improved in its use.

With many wishes for your success, in a pecuniary as well as in a spiritual sense, I am, yours for truth, L. M. PARSONS.

Waukan, Wis., Feb., 1866.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Charles A. Hayden.

For many weeks we have listened to the burning words which have fallen from the lips of our Charlie, the "boy preacher." During his stay of two months in Chicago crowds of intelligent and intellectual people have gathered to hear from him the light and glory of the New Dispensation, and they have not been disappointed; for with a true and natural eloquence which has few parallels in the history of oratory, he has demonstrated the practical truth and beauties of the Spiritual Philosophy. We have heard Clay, Webster, Rufus Choate, Ogden, Hoffman, James T. Brady, Beecher and Chapin, the great lights of the Senate, the forum and the pulpit—and none have pleased us more than this inspired boy. His elocution is characterized by a degree of perfection which usually is only acquired after years of study and experience. The ideas flow in perpetual and unbroken torrents; error vanishes at his magic touch, and old theologies and creeds disappear in the whirlpool of logic which carries down all before it.

God and the good angels bless you, Charlie. May they ever keep and preserve you for the noble work now before you.

Montana Territory produced \$18,000,000 of gold and silver, in 1865.

## Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, MARCH 10, 1866.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. A. S. JONES, President.

For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

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All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to receive the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and to remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each \$3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each \$1.50 (half-year) subscription.

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**To Our Subscribers.**  
We appeal to our present subscribers to exert themselves to extend the circulation of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. You know its worth, and by this time must feel that you are warranted in saying to your friends that it is a paper not only worthy of patronage, but financially sound, and that subscribers will be sure to get the paper for the full length of time for which they subscribe.

As an inducement for a renewed effort in our behalf, we make the following offer: Every old subscriber who will send us the name of a new subscriber, full paid, \$3.00, for one year, shall receive K. Graves' BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN, or Emma Hardinge's volume of Lectures on "Theology and Nature," with a fine steel engraving of the author, free, by return mail. Here is an inducement for all subscribers to do a good thing for themselves as well as for us and the cause of Spiritualism.

### The Slavery and Error of Popular Theology Resting on Ignorance and Fear.

Slavery wherever and however it may exist or prevail, is so far a deprivation of freedom. The human race as yet has never been so far advanced in science, morals and religion as to be able to maintain and enjoy a condition of absolute and unlimited freedom. In the nature of things it never can. Obligation and accountability are incompatible with positive, unrestrained freedom. If the term comparative freedom may be legitimately used, then such degree of comparative freedom may be exercised and enjoyed as such comparison will allow.

The term liberty, though frequently and even commonly used as synonymous with freedom, seems more like license or permission to do, or not to do, under certain limits and restrictions. We have, it is said, civil, political, moral and religious liberties, which are permitted to claim and enjoy, by the power which can punish us for their abuse. If we forfeit by misconduct, our right to such liberties, that same power can deprive us, in whole, or in part, of the further enjoyment of them, according to the enormity of our offence. This shows that liberty has its limits, and is permitted, regulated, restrained and controlled, and therefore is not unlimited and perfect, but is always in the comparative degree.

Human slavery is the wrongful deprivation of whatever rights and liberties the enslaved had, and compels him at the hazard of the most cruel tortures, and even the loss of his life, to do in all respects the bidding of his master. This state of things, when exercised, is despotism and tyranny in its worst forms. There are comparative degrees of slavery as well as of liberty. There are also varieties or various kinds of slavery; yet slavery is always slavery, and in direct conflict with liberty, whatever form or shade it may assume. All kinds of slavery necessarily produce the passion and suffering of fear. This fear may be in proportion to the severity of the slavery, or the sensibility and dread of greater suffering, in the subject of it. It is sometimes defined to be "the painful apprehension of merited punishment."

This slavish fear is inculcated and made universally prevalent by the popular theology of Christendom. The basis and structure of its doctrines all rest on a false foundation. It all rests upon the statement of one single individual, made; as is said, some two thousand years ago, by a person who neither knew nor could possibly know anything more about it than any other individual who lived before or since his day. This individual was Moses, of "Genesis" notoriety. He was not present at the scenes he describes, nor was any one else, nor could there possibly have been. Of course there could be no one to tell him. It is simply his fabulous story. To pretend that he was inspired by God is more absurd still, because knowing it to be false, and without any truth or authority, it is calling the Creator to substantiate and sanction a most glaring and ridiculous falsehood. It represents the Creator as falling with regard to man, in his first efforts, and of being convicted of telling an untruth in a question of veracity between Him and the serpent. The circumstances related, therefore, of the Creator's work of making Adam and Eve; of prohibiting them all knowledge of good and evil; of the violation of that prohibition, and its consequences, called "Adam's Fall," may very likely have passed through the visionary brain of Moses; but it does very little credit to the brains of the present day to give it any credence. Christendom does believe, or professes to believe it, and so worships Moses and the Bible.

The salvation proposed as a remedy for all these disasters, including the "Immaculate Conception," is a very fitting conclusion from the assumed premises. The incidents and character of the remedy are such as leave the final fate of the individual in the greatest uncertainty. Do the best he can, there will be the smell of brimstone hanging around his doubts and fears. "Men are all their lives in bondage through fear of death." When is added to their fear of death, the fear of the devil, the fear of hell and the fear of God, it must be admitted they are in a very fearful condition. When to it all is added that "fear hath torments, and that the smoke of their torments shall ascend forever," their fears are not much lessened.

This, then, is the condition of the fears and slavery of Christendom. Its doctrines and its preaching inculcate fears and doubts here and the dread of endless misery hereafter. Does not this leave men as well as find them in a most abject state of slavery?

finite justice, infinite goodness and truth. He is, also, perfect—that is, infinite in perfection. These attributes, as thus so far forming his character, will not, probably, be disputed, but cordially assented to. So much, then, for the present, as it regards His character. How is it with regard to His government? Having created all things, does it not necessarily follow that He governs all things? What other governor could there be? Is he not the only governor? With these powers and qualities, what kind of a government must it necessarily be? Must it not be in perfect and infinite accordance with the foregoing qualities and attributes? If he fills all space, is there room for any imperfection, injustice, want of goodness or truth? If these attributes are infinite, and "God is all in all," is it not clear and absolutely conclusive that there cannot be anything at variance with, or in opposition to them?

These data thus admitted and established furnish the means and reason for true answers to all questions of evil or wrong which may be alleged to be in existence. The government of the Almighty, in all things, must necessarily be in strict conformity with His governing powers, and we have seen what those powers are. There can be no omission, cessation or failure in his government; neither can there be any change, any diminution of its powers, no admixture of any other principle, quality or influence; but it is uniform, universal, constant and perpetual in its operations, without any alloy. Does the exercise of these powers have any tendency to produce the fear of death, the fear of the devil, the fear of hell, the fear of God, or the fear of endless misery hereafter? It is truly said that the knowledge of the truth shall make us free, and this freedom banishes fear.

These premises well considered, how in the exercise of common sense, could any one believe so degrading and absurd a story as that of Adam's Fall? How in this age of free, liberal and earnest scientific and religious inquiry, it can find believers, is more wonderful still! The story was believed at the time by the adherents of Moses, and without investigation received, adopted and perpetuated by his and their successors, as a sacred oracle of truth, not to be looked into or doubted. Of course the teachers and believers of the theology of Christendom have taken these ideas as they found them, and without any real examination or practical investigation, have adopted and perpetuated them by their teachings to the present day. According to Christendom's theology, by the misconduct of Adam, in barely yielding to the laws of hunger and appetite, the prospects and conditions of the human race had become so deranged and hopeless and desperate, that after many years of painful discontent and disappointment in the failure of his original plans, the Almighty devised and put into execution, through the "Immaculate Conception" of a Jewish virgin, the wife of Joseph, a plan and a remedy for the misconduct of Adam. This is beyond all question the lowest, most degrading and beastly act and apology for the brutal act, that could be contrived by the lowest and most bigoted and bigoted layer and grade of ignorant and self-righteous humanity under an inextinguishable difficulty. Alas! how unfortunate, resulting in the most cruel torture and ignominious murder of "the only begotten son of God!"

All this sad catastrophe so far, is the result of the belief in the false story by Moses, of the creation. By the advancement of knowledge and the progress of free inquiry and scientific and religious investigation, the whole story of the creation by Moses is destined sooner or later, and much sooner than is generally believed, to be exposed and understood to be fabulous and false, and all the superstructures built upon it will crumble to dust.

What, then, is the corollary, the true definition, result and conclusion of the foregoing positions and propositions? The answer is, a perfect confidence, satisfaction and enjoyment of the well grounded belief that Moses' story of the creation is totally untrue, and that the popular theology of Christendom, based and resting wholly upon it for its fundamental doctrines, is also entirely untrue; and that the government of the Almighty is the wisest and best for our happiness here as well as hereafter.

#### WHAT, THEN, IS THAT GOVERNMENT?

So far as we can see, in relation to ourselves and the world around us, it is that state of things which actually takes place, from day to day, before our own perceptions. The object of the foregoing remarks is to ascertain so far as we may, the true character of the Supreme Being, and what with regard to us, as well as all things else, must necessarily be the nature and character of his government.

What, then, are the reasons, the means and the guides to enable us to form a right judgment? Evidently we must resort to what we know or believe of His character, through our knowledge of His attributes. What is most favorable to a right conclusion is, that without dispute, we are agreed as to what are the real elementary and true traits of his character in the foregoing designation of His attributes. Now what possible legitimate conclusion can be drawn from the exercise of those attributes in relation to us, our condition and destiny? With regard to any and all design of the Supreme Being in that respect, it must be, and must always have been, the true, genuine and sole action of those attributes and nothing else, and such design cannot fail in any of its results or be in any wise changed.

In the creation and formation of man, it must be admitted that there could have been no other power or influence exerted or employed, than that of the Creator himself. It must also be conceded that everything in relation to His creation was right and perfect as he desired it, in the exercise of infinite knowledge, wisdom, power, justice, goodness and truth. In the exercise of those powers there could be no such thing as failure or disappointment. If he, then, cannot complain or find any fault, or have any failure or disappointment with his own works, can we, the creatures of His works, complain, find fault, see defects, and imperfections in our origin, our condition in this world, or in our destiny hereafter? The theology of Christendom does make these charges against the Creator, because the assumption that there is something wrong, and radically so, that requires a corresponding remedy, or else the result will be fatally miserable and a most disastrous failure of original intentions, is a charge against the Almighty, for such failure. Such charge cannot be proved or sustained, and therefore, any such doctrine is false; and that settles and falsifies the dogmas of Christendom on all such points—such points being the main and fundamental doctrines of Christendom. It declares that "something is out of joint," that a very important "screw is loose," and that an original wrong of the most disastrous consequences has taken place, contrary to the will and design of the Creator, and that after a long lapse of time the Almighty devised a remedy for His mismanagement through the operation of the "Immaculate Conception."

This difficulty always has, for its origin, to go back to "Adam's Fall." Now, there never was any

"forbidden fruit," or any Adam to eat it, or any serpent, between whom and the Creator there was a question of veracity to be settled, and which was finally settled in favor of the serpent and against the Creator. All this stuff is the manufacture of Moses. Christendom believes it, rests upon it, builds upon it, and all the superstructures raised upon it are just as unsubstantial and visionary as the foundation itself.

Of what avail is light to the physically blind, or of facts and truths, or the deductions of reason, to the mentally blind? It is useless to scold, complain or denounce the blind because they do not see. The blind cannot see. To enable the blind to see, the cause and condition of the blindness must first be ascertained and removed. What causes blindness? Physically, some disease of the visual organ, some film or cataract upon the eye. To restore sight or produce the ability to discern things truly, it is evident that the disease must be cured, and any obstruction of vision be removed or corrected. This done, the patient can see objects truly, as others see them. This blindness is rarely, if ever, voluntary, but strongly against the desire and will of the patient.

Mental or spiritual blindness is altogether of a different character, as it is often voluntary and wilful. This blindness is usually produced by ignorance, or wrong education, and by conditions and circumstances, completed by early and strong prejudices, and thus becomes almost incurably wilful, and obstinately perverse, rendering the cure very difficult and almost hopeless. There is a remedy. This remedy is within the reach and means of every individual. It is the proper exercise of the talents which the Almighty has given humanity, in the exercise of its reason and judgment, instead of burying those talents in the earth. These talents were given for the sole purpose of being fully and freely exercised upon all subjects presented for the consideration of man, to serve as guides and guardians through life. A neglect of this duty leaves us in ignorance and darkness, and wholly unfitted for the exigencies of life.

The result of this examination shows that the Supreme Being is infinite and perfect in knowledge, wisdom and power, and that from such source, no wrong, no evil, no imperfection of any kind or degree, can proceed; and that all His works, as well as Himself, are perfect in their order and degree. It must be conceded that He created all things and that He governs all things, and that all is done in infinite wisdom. No wrong or evil result can flow from such source. Innumerable laws wisely adapted to fulfill all the objects and purposes of man's being and existence, rightly control all things in their destined course. The object of creation must necessarily have been the greatest good to each and all. Therefore we most wisely act when we so conduct as to enjoy our full share of it.

#### Mediums.

We are frequently in receipt of letters of inquiry for good test mediums. We dislike to make any invidious discrimination, as we are of the opinion that one will be a good test medium to one person, and not so to another. The fact of getting good tests depends very much upon the individual seeking for them.

The philosophy of spirit communion is but little known at best, but this much we do know, that no one spirit can control a medium without the aid of other spirits. To accomplish the object desired, conditions must be favorable. Those conditions are very much affected by the person seeking for the test. One person may be at ease whilst seeking for a test in the presence of one medium, and thereby render valuable aid in the premises, while the same person will be ill at ease and skeptical in the presence of another equally good test medium, and get no test whatever, while still another person would have felt differently and received a good communication.

We do not feel like condemning a medium who claims to give tests, unless we know him to be an impostor. All such we will expose to the best of our ability.

We have many times ourselves been ready to condemn a test medium because, forsooth, we did not get a good test when we were very anxious for it, being too ignorant of Spiritual philosophy to know that our great desire rendered us so positive as to utterly unfit conditions for good spirit manifestations.

The advice we would give our friends is, seek on, with a generous confidence that human nature is not totally depraved as taught by Orthodoxy. Never fear that either the devil, or an equally fallacious myth of the past, evil spirits, will harm you. A quiet, passive condition, a willingness to hear from any spirit who can communicate to you, will make conditions favorable for your loved ones to come at a moment you least expect, and identify themselves satisfactorily to you.

The opposers discard all reason when they talk about spiritual communion, and demand such evidence as appertains to the physical plane of life alone, forgetting that the loved ones of the higher life have passed to the spirit plane, and have to accommodate themselves to the physical one through the instrumentality of mediums, or such as occupy at the time an intermediate position between the material and spiritual life. We advise all seekers after truth to avoid all such dogmatical arguments and inconsistencies. Look for truth, and in doing so, judge others from a high and noble standpoint, and there will be little danger of being deceived. If you go to a medium with your own individuality deeply imbued with deception, you will impregnate the very elements with your own nature, and "as you sow so shall you reap." Your duplicity will beget duplicity, and you will go away accusing the medium of that which you alone have been the cause.

#### Chicago Lyceum, alias Sunday School.

This institution seems now to be fairly started. It was successfully launched on Sunday last, February 25th. All conflicting opinions regarding the plan of its management are settled. A. J. Davis' manual, "as far as practical," is adopted, those who would have preferred some other, cheerfully acquiescing in this decision, and will lend their aid to use it to the best possible advantage, and make it a success.

Every educator should remember that the soul is a creature of habit as well as the body; that our organs of speech utter with ease the words they have been in the habit of speaking; that they pronounce with difficulty, imperfection and awkwardness the sounds of a new language, and that it is equally as difficult, if not more so, to change our habits of thought as it is to change our habits of expression. See to it, then, friends of free, honest, guileless, untrammelled thought, that no effort on your part shall be wanting, to educate the young minds of Chicago, as far as possible, into an ardent love of the truth, into an unbounded confidence in its ultimate triumph—into those habits of free inquiry which will give it the quickest and the cheapest victory.



### The Philadelphia Marvel.

There has been a great deal said in the secular papers about the wonderful phenomenon of physical objects having been moved without the aid of any known power, at a certain house in Philadelphia. This "tempest in a teapot" was not got up by Spiritualists, nor did they to any considerable extent take any stock in the excitement. If it was really caused by spirits out of the form, it was nothing strange to Spiritualists—such occurrences to them are very commonplace. If it was a cheat, as it now is claimed to be, then it surely ought to surprise no one, as cheats in matters of religion and supermundane manifestations have been the order of the day among all classes of theologians from the earliest time down to the present.

Is not old theology based on falsehood, and have not its priests, in all its phases, practiced deception and cheated the people in all ages of the world? Is it not a fact that all the pretended miracles of the Roman Catholic Church are cheats of the Popes, Cardinals and priests, to make their blind devotees submit to the heavy burdens that are imposed upon them? Is it not a fact that all the fact and management of the immense number of protracted meetings every year held by different Protestant churches, are cheats, to hoodwink and entrap that class of people who have strong sympathetic natures, with but little power of reasoning?

Then we say if that portion of the Philadelphia who are so much opposed to Spiritualism, have got up a bogus case of supposed spiritual manifestations, and have had the good luck to, by the aid of an Orthodox priest, pray away the supposed devil who was at the bottom of the marvelous manifestations, it is the best joke of the season!

They now say it was all a trick played off by an Irish servant girl; yet it was claimed before they detected her that it was the work of the devil, and they actually overcame him by the efficacy of prayer!

Poor old Orthodoxy! got caught in his own trap, didn't he? The only devil he found was a poor, ignorant girl. In anger these good people have sent her to prison. Can any one tell us what they have sent her to prison for? Surely she made no pretensions to being a Spiritualist. She knew nothing about Spiritualism; she was not a witch—they had no good cause to imprison her for a violation of the Mosaic code. She had simply committed a trespass by breaking and throwing about furniture, which got up an uproar amongst the opposers of Spiritualism.

Yes, and worse than all else, she was the means of getting the pious Mr. Duborrow out to exorcise the demon, who did the mischief. He did actually pray the devil away!

O shame, oh Orthodoxy, you claimed your prayers had driven off the devil, and got caught at it. Your devil that you prayed away proved to be nothing but an ignorant Irish girl, so you in your shame at the exposure of the pretended efficacy of your prayers, turn round and imprison the simple girl who led you to put your foot into it. Well, you used to hang and burn witches; now you can only muster influence enough to imprison poor girls who ignorantly are instruments in exposing your assumptions. Let this be a lesson to all other Irish servant girls. Never lead Orthodox clergymen into the praying away of demons and devils damned, because if you do, unless you carry out the trick and let them have the glory of it, they will be sure to turn round and persecute you.

### Verification of a Communication.

It is very gratifying to us to know our Inner Life Department is admired. We are often in receipt of letters speaking in the highest terms of these messages from a higher sphere. In No. 20 of the JOURNAL, a spirit communicated, giving his name as Barber. As it is short, we reproduce it:

—BARBER, OF FREEPORT.

Strange that after so long a time I have found my way here. I died of a cancer in my throat. It kept eating until it ate off the large arteries, and the result was that I bled to death. My name is Barber. I have two sisters, Mary and Susan Barber, in Freeport. You may send this to them. I only want to say enough to let them know that I can come. They know nothing about your paper. They don't believe anything in this kind of communion. Some of the family have had something to do with it, but they don't investigate the method of communicating far enough to get that which satisfies them or seems good. The manifestations have not been pleasing, and the result was they thought it to be the work of the devil, and concluded to have nothing more to do with it.

We received a few days since the following verification of the foregoing:

FREEPORT, Feb. 23, 1886.

EDITORS JOURNAL:—My attention was called a short time since by Mr. Goddard, of this place, (a subscriber to your paper), to what purported to be a communication from "Barber, of Freeport," which appeared in your issue, I think, of the 10th inst. Feeling some interest in the matter, I made some inquiries of a young lady visiting at my house, who resided, as I supposed, in the vicinity of Barber's. She said she knew Mary and Susan Barber, but had no recollection of the death referred to in the communication. A few days after I inquired of Dr. Charleston, a physician of long and extensive practice in this place, if he had any recollection of the death of a person by the name of Barber, without mentioning any of the circumstances as published, except that the person had two sisters, Mary and Susan.

After some moments of reflection he remarked that it must have been John Barber, who died some years since, and added that "He died of cancer in his throat, the cancer eating off an artery, and he bled to death." He stated that he was the attending physician, and could from his books ascertain the exact date of the occurrence.

Our County Treasurer, Mr. Young, and Mr. Stewart, both old neighbors of Mr. Barber, told me that they knew him well, and were perfectly acquainted with the circumstances, and that the facts were strictly and literally correct as stated in your JOURNAL. None of the parties named are believers in modern Spiritualism to my knowledge, and the doctor professes to be, and I believe is, incorrigibly skeptical on the subject.

JAS. B. CHILDS.

### Etherealism.

We commence in this number a series of articles upon "Etherealism." They were given by a medium while deeply entranced.

The name of the communicator will for the present be withheld, as we wish the thoughts contained in these papers to be accepted or rejected for their merits alone.

That the lectures are well written and contain grand thoughts and great problems all will admit, but whether the philosophy they contain will be acceptable, we leave the public to decide.

### Medical.

Read Miss Lowry's advertisement in the "Benevolence" column. She is an experienced physician, a good clairvoyant, and a lady worthy our patronage.

### Spirit Pictures.

We have recently received a long letter from a gentleman in Baltimore upon the subject of fraud being practiced by a certain photograph artist under the pretence of taking spirit pictures. It seems that the same man who turned up here a short time since as a spirit artist, tried his hand in Norfolk, Va., and was exposed there as he was here.

We also received a letter from an esteemed friend in Rockford, recently, suggesting that we might have been too fast in our condemnations.

Now we will say to our friends that we have not a doubt about the imposition practiced by the man Evans.

His process is simply this: He prepares the plate in the same way that an artist does his for taking an ambrotype. He goes through the process of putting the plate in a dark box, to direct the mind of the investigator away from the trick of the game, which is this: When he goes into the dark room to develop the picture, or else at the time he puts it into the box, it matters not which, after it is prepared, he takes a negative and holds it to the prepared plate, and then exposes the plate to a lamp or gaslight for two seconds so that the light will fall through the negative upon the prepared plate, (even a burning match will answer for the light,) and the impression is made so that when the picture is developed in the usual way, the image appears.

Let no one be deceived by this class of impostors. Spiritualism is based upon truth, and its tests of truth are abundant.

The impostors are numerous in every phase of spiritual manifestations. Be not too credulous, but test every phase, and rest assured that the person who will profess to be willing to let you investigate carefully and then raises some unreasonable excuse for not allowing you to do so at every point, is an arrant impostor.

Shake off all such pretended mediums as unworthy of countenance. It is nothing less than swindling. It is the quintessence of meanness—it is criminal.

### Signs of Progress.

The Christian Era, the Baptist organ of New Hampshire, is mourning over the decline of the churches. The editor says:

"The decline of our denomination in New Hampshire is represented as painful to contemplate. We have now only 7,718 members, though in 1840 we numbered 9,555—a decline of 1,837 in twenty-five years."

The *World's Crisis*, in remarking upon the above item, says that "the great progress now being made by the world is away from Christ and his word, into pride, selfishness, covetousness, licentiousness, and all other base passions, and from thence to destruction."

We differ, somewhat, from the *Crisis*. The decline of the churches is, to us, a sign of progress. When people dare to think, and have the courage to act in conformity with their conceptions of truth, they throw aside church fetters with as much joy as the African steps out of bondage.

We give God thanks whenever and wherever we hear that a church has been closed for lack of support, for by this token we know that some souls have outgrown the rites and dogmas of the dead past; by this we know that truth will prevail over falsehood, and that the spirit will yet rise above sects, clans and creeds, and worship God in the temples not made by human hands. Hasten the time, ye spirits of progress.

### Divorces.

The *Chicago Times* says that nearly three hundred dissolutions of the matrimonial bonds have been recorded in this city within the last two years, and that "over eighty per cent. of the suits for divorce instituted by the weaker sex, have been brought on the ground of habitual drunkenness, and consequent neglect of family affairs, such as bread, etc., on the part of the hogs."

Some people are shocked by this revelation of domestic misery; but these same law-loving persons may never have inquired into the cause of the wretchedness. Perhaps they have not considered the number of beer saloons and whisky dens that belong to Chicago; it may never have occurred to them that the marriage institution is lamentably deficient in its foundation. Would it not be wise in the lovers of order and domestic harmony to give Hymen's Temple an airing—a thorough overhauling? The renovation, doubtless, would be productive of great individual good and of lasting benefit to the human family.

### Wrong Pew.

A lady in this city, a member of the Methodist church and an earnest hater of Spiritualism, having heard that there was a revival at the Music Hall, went on Sunday evening to hear the new revivalist. She watched with satisfaction the ingathering multitude, thinking, perhaps, of the rare opportunity offered to sinners to "make their peace with God."

The lady left expressing herself highly delighted with the "young minister," but the hymns were new—she had never heard them before.

Two days passed and the good woman learned, to her mortification, that the Spiritualists were having the revival, and the "young minister" was Charlie Hayden. The lady did not, however, ignore the living gospel she had so gladly heard, but concluded that Spiritualism was quite unlike what she had heard it represented to be.

### Progressive Lyceum.

The Spiritualists of Chicago have organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum. From present indications we shall have a great army of juvenile soldiers, disciplined and commissioned to demolish the fortifications of error, and to build in their stead Truth's sacred temple.

We are requested to solicit donations for the Lyceum. Those who may wish to aid in furnishing the children with books, etc., can leave their donations with the Treasurer, Henry Tallmadge, No. 109 Monroe street, (Lombard Block), 2d door west of the post office.

### Disclaimer.

A Spiritualist's Convention is advertised to be held in St. Louis the 9th of March. Mrs. Daniels and C. A. Hayden are mentioned as the speakers. Tickets of admission, to two lectures, are \$1.00.

We are informed that the Spiritualists of St. Louis know nothing of the Convention, and it is presumed Mrs. Daniels has no knowledge of the proposed meeting.

Mr. Hayden requests us to say that he has no thought of speaking in St. Louis before May, and has no knowledge of the parties who have made this unwarrantable announcement.

Jeff. Davis is now afflicted with a sore throat.—*Atb. Argus*. He ought to have it tied up.—*New Haven Palladium*.

Would the tying up of Jefferson Davis' throat restore the husband and father to wife and children? Would it in any way better the condition of the country?

### Personal.

C. A. Hayden speaks in Davenport, Iowa, the 4th and 11th of March; in Geneseo, Ill., the 18th and 25th; then he returns to Chicago to speak in April.

Maximilian has raised his own salary to \$7,000 per day.

Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Rible has written a new novel entitled "The Cliffside of Cliffe."

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of New York, is about leaving in Boston. He is a fine speaker, and is said to be a good physician.

CORA WILBURN.—This gifted woman is visiting her few acquaintances in this city. She is about making a home for herself in the picturesque town of Rockland, Maine. She is a lover of the sea, a lover of nature, and goes to Rockland to enjoy the beauty of the country and the inspiration of the ocean.

Miss Wilburn will have a generous welcome in her new home; her pen-pictures of life have endeared her to a great army of readers, and we hope she will furnish our readers with an occasional letter from her home by the sea.

### To Correspondents.

JOHN KING, State Center.—In the Center of what State do you reside? Your letter is at hand, and your order will be filled as soon as we know where to send.

P. S.—Your second letter is at hand, but neither the envelope nor enclosure shows the State in which you live. Please inform us immediately.

Will other correspondents please be careful to avoid the same error?

### Deaths.

Death, life's faithful servant, comes to loose the worn sandals and give the weary rest.

Born into the bright Summer Land, from Batavia, N. Y., February 13th, Mrs. NETTIE JONES, aged 36 years, wife of William Jones.

As is frequently the case with consumptives, her physical strength gradually wasted, for many long months, marking the slow but sure progress of the disease, which at last terminated her earthly sojourn. While her material form was wasting, her spiritual one was ripening for a triumphant entrance into her new home. Our blessed Spiritual Gospel had prepared her to anticipate with earnest desire her new birth, and she hailed with delight every change indicating its approach.

Her spiritual experiences for the last ten hours of her earthly life were rich and perfect. She had for some months enjoyed a limited exercise of the interior sight, but a few hours before her dissolution she was enabled to behold with distinctness the blessed guardian groups by whom she was surrounded, who had come to convey her from earth to heaven. The sight of those heavenly bands filled her with inexpressible joy, increasing her anxiety to depart. She called the attention of her husband, sister, and a friend, to the blessed vision, and desired them most earnestly to go with her to dwell with them where they were so happy.

Although at the commencement of this interesting scene her hands, feet and limbs were cold as in death, and her strength nearly gone, yet in view of these exalting and heavenly scenes she could exult with loud shouts of joy and strike her hands together repeatedly in ecstasy.

Her hands, feet and limbs then grew warm, and she remained entirely conscious, expressing deep regret that she still remained in the body. About two hours before dissolution took place, she sank into a gentle slumber from which she only awoke with the angels. Herein was verified a promise made her some weeks previous by a very dear spirit friend, that whilst she slept she should, without pain, take her departure from the body—which promise she had often mentioned, furnishing one of the best tests on record. It was afterwards made known that had it not been to fulfil this promise and furnish this test, her departure would have occurred a day or two sooner.

Her funeral was attended by the writer, in accordance with her desire, and a discourse delivered from the appropriate text: "Death is swallowed up in victory." J. W. SEABER.

Byron, Feb. 17, 1886.

### BUSINESS MATTERS.

OUR BOOK TRADE.—Orders by mail are filled out as soon as they reach this office, but it sometimes happens that we may be out of some book ordered. That may cause a few days' delay until our stock is replenished.

We say this, that those ordering books may not be disappointed if they sometimes get a part of the order on one day and the remainder on another day. We intend to be prompt in filling orders for the paper and for books. If either should fail to come to hand within a reasonable time, we urgently request our friends to advise us of the fact, giving names of persons, places of residences, and the amount of money sent; when the order was mailed, and to whom directed.

All such orders should be addressed to Geo. H. Jones, Secretary RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

EMMA HARDING'S LECTURES ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.—This book contains Six Lectures given through that highly developed and well-known trance-medium, Miss Emma Hardinge, besides much other very interesting matter.

The following subjects are treated of in a masterly manner, viz.:

1. Astronomical Religion.
2. Religion of Nature.
3. The Creator and His Attributes.
4. Spirit—Its Origin and Destiny.
5. Sin and Death.
6. Hades, the Land of the Dead.

Together with the outline of a plan for human enterprise and an Autobiographical Introduction with an Appendix containing the sayings and sentiments of many well-known Spiritualists and other reformers.

This volume also contains a fine steel engraving likeness of the author, by Donnelly.

For sale at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, Post Office Drawer 6325, Chicago. Price 75 cents.

Forwarded by mail on receipt of the price, free of postage.

CHURCH'S SEANCES.—Mr. W. T. Church, physical and test medium, having located permanently in this city, may be consulted at his residence, No. 862 Wabash avenue, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. Persons wishing to attend either the seances or developing circles, will find it to their interest to call upon him at their earliest convenience, and procure tickets to the same.

Chicago, Nov. 17, 1885. 10-1f

MRS. C. M. JORDAN, Writing and Prophetic Medium, 78 North Dearborn street, Chicago, 10-1f.

Send for one of Harris' Gas Burners, for burning Kerosene oil; fits all lamps, requires no chimney, makes no smoke, saves oil, and gives a splendid gas light. Sent by mail for 60 cents. Taylor, Bunt & Co., 100 Monroe St., Chicago. [24-1f]

CLAIRVOYANT AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Miss Lowry will remain in Chicago a short time, at No. 300 1/2 State street, where she will examine the human system clairvoyantly, and give a diagnosis of the diseased organs, and a statement of the cause of their diseased state, and treat the same. Will also give psychometrical diagnosis of diseases of those who are at a distance, either by a lock of their hair, their autographs or photographs; and by the same means give a delineation of character, and direct their minds to the profession or occupation for which their organizations are best adapted.

Price for examination, \$1.00. Consultation, Free. Hours for Consultation, from 9 to 11, A. M., and from 1 to 5, P. M. [24-1f]

### Mistakes Will Occur.

Occasionally we receive letters of complaint, the cause for which does not always rest at our door, as will appear from the following:

VINTON, Benton Co., Iowa, Dec. 31, 1885.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Please send me your JOURNAL for six months, commencing at No. 13. Send it to Sylvester Potter, Vinton, Benton county, Iowa.

Some time after we received a letter of complaint because the paper did not reach Brother ——. In a manly spirit he explains the reason, as follows, in a second letter:

VINTON, Feb. 24, 1886.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The last \$1.50 has been returned to me from the dead letter office. The fault was my own. I forgot to stamp it. I hope you will receive it now in due time.

Yours truly, S. POTTER.

Our friends will see from this correspondence the necessity of being very particular about their letters, and thus avoid delays, and above all, unpleasant feelings.

CORRY, PENN.—The Friends of Progress in Corry have inaugurated a series of meetings to be held the first Sunday in each month, for the coming year; with lectures by the best speakers in the field. The hours of meeting will be 10 1/2 o'clock A. M., and 1 o'clock P. M. The place of meeting will be either the School Building adjacent to the M. E. Church, Concord street, or one of the Halls on Washington street. For more definite information inquiry should be made at the Union Hotel, Washington street. Speakers engaged—for March and to fill all vacancies, Mr. L. C. Howe; for April, Hon. Warren Chase. Arrangements are being made with the different societies of Spiritualists and reformers for a Mass Convention in Corry, on the 24th, 25th and 26th of August next. Persons wishing further information may address W. H. Johnston, or O. H. Fraser, Corry, Erie County, Penn.

### NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall—entrance on State street.

Hours of meeting at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their Hall, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D streets, near Pennsylvania avenue. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, (formerly a church), Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular Sunday sessions at 10 A. M., in the same place.

BOSTON—MEADOWS.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission free. Speakers engaged:—Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D., of New York, during February; Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, during March; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, April 1 and 8; J. G. Fish, April 22 and 29.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 34th street, near Broadway.

Mr. J. G. Fish is the speaker for March. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a new and very attractive Sunday School, meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock.

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5679, New York.

TEMPLE OF TRUTH.—Meetings at the "Temple of Truth," 814 Broadway, New York. Lectures and discussions every Sunday at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The hall and rooms are open every day in the week as a Spiritualists' depot for information, medium's home, etc. All are invited to come, and make themselves at home.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Progressive Spiritualists hold regular meetings on Sundays in Sansom Street Hall at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds sessions every Sunday afternoon in same place at 2 1/2 o'clock.

VINELAND, N. J.—Meetings of the Society of the Friends of Progress in their Lyceum Hall on Plum, near Sixth street, every Sunday morning at 10 1/2 A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds session in the same Hall every Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—The Spiritualists of this place meet every Sunday at McDonnell's Hall (Farris & Garrett's Building) for lectures. Lecturers wishing to make engagements, will please address either of the following gentlemen: Thos. Garrett, Sec. President; Lea Pusey, Esq., Treasurer; or Dr. Wm. Fitzgibbon, Secretary.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress have rented Mercantile Library (small) Hall, and have regular lectures every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Seats free. Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten during February.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 o'clock.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuddy lectures for the Friends of Progress in their hall, corner of Fourth and Jessie streets, San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 P. M.

### SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Mrs. Caroline Abbott, developing medium, 300 1/2 State street, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Madison Allyn, Rockland, Me.

W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521 New York City.

Mrs. N. K. Andrews, Makanda, Jackson Co., Ill.

George W. Atwood will answer calls to lecture in the New England States. Address, Weymouth Landing, Mass.

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopkedge, Mass.

S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker, will receive calls to lecture on the Harmonical Philosophy. Please address him at Rochester, Olmsted county, Minn.

Love Beebe, trance speaker, North Ridgeville, Ohio, will respond to calls to lecture.

M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker, will speak in Middle Granville, N. Y., the first and third Sundays in each month, and in Kingston, N. Y., the second and fourth, up to July. Will answer calls to lecture evenings during the week, and attend funerals. Address Middle Granville or Smith's Basin, New York.

C. C. Blake, of New York City, will answer calls to lecture in different parts of the West upon Grecian and Roman Spiritualism, as compared with modern. Address, until further notice, Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Haverhill during March. Address accordingly.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, West Brattleboro, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's post office address is drawer 6325 Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene's address is 32 Fifth street, New York.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Address 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Lizzie Carley. Address Ypsilanti, Mich.

Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address, Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell will answer calls to lecture. Address Forestport, Oneida Co., N. Y., care of Horace Farley.

Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Eliza C. Clark, inspirational speaker. Address care of Banner of Light office.

Dr. L. K. Cooney will lecture in Vineland, N. J., the first, third and fourth Sundays of February. In Wilmington, Del., the first and second Sundays of March. Will heal in these places as may be desired. Will take subscriptions for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and act as agent for the sale of spiritual and reform books. Address L. K. Cooney, Vineland, N. J.

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Rutland, Vt. P. O. Box 110.

Mrs. Jeanette J. Clark, trance speaker, will answer calls, when properly made, to lecture on Sundays in any of the towns in Connecticut. Will also attend funerals. Address, Fair Haven, Conn.

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address box 515, Lowell, Mass.

Warren Chase will lecture during March in Philadelphia, and will spend the summer in the West.



## COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,  
A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

FEBRUARY 20.

## INVOCATION.

Light of all life, Spirit of all truth, unto Thee as the living Center, we would approach. We desire to feel Thy balmy influence penetrating and pervading our whole being. We would feel Thy divine presence. We would that every immortal soul should realize Thy love, that every feeling of discord and inharmony might be obliterated from our memories. We would, oh, Spirit of Truth, that all should be in harmony with Thee. We would that Thou shouldst inspire every thought and illumine our pathway through all time. Light of all life, may we ever feel Thy presence and may every child of earth realize it. May Thy pure influence permeate our everyday life, and by Thy influence may we all be brought to a realizing sense of justice toward our fellow beings. May every child of sorrow feel that Thou art with him—that Thy light hath power to expel all gloom—that by Thy spirit all will be brought to a clear and perfect sense of purity and love. We would offer thanks for Thy presence in the past, and praise for Thy presence to-day, and aspire to know more of Thee in the future.

FOR MORT WAYMAN, OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

What time is it? [Quarter of 9 P. M.] Now if that was in the morning, it would not be very late. [A gentleman just approaching the circle asked if she (the spirit) had been controlling long, to which the spirit replied:] Don't, for God's sake, call me a seer. I would not be a seer for all the world. When you speak of he, you mean man or boy; when you say she you mean nothing but a woman or girl. I am not that, kind sir; I don't want my friends to think because I come here and take possession of this woman that it makes a woman of me. I only make use of this organism for the purpose of saying what I have to say. I come here precisely as I would go aboard of a steamboat or rail car if I wanted to go anywhere. I have taken possession because I have something to say. If I should stay here long, and have these same folks around and get their ideas into my head, I guess I should become pretty near a Spiritualist. I never believed in Spiritualism. Did you put it down in my letter that I might become a Spiritualist if I remained here long? [Yes.] Oh, strike that out, and say that I cannot believe in Spiritualism. I want it distinctly understood that I do not believe in it. I believe that Spiritualism would take you right down where you would not want to go. This power of speaking to you is a God-given power, and I do not attribute it to Spiritualism at all. My folks would not read this letter if I said this was Spiritualism. I might give them the best test in the world, and they would not heed it if they thought I was a Spiritualist, and that this was Spiritualism. That is how the case stands. So I want that cut right square off to commence with.

I understand from the guides of this institution that you will send this letter to my folks, if I do not say too much. I am going to tell something about my sickness, but in the first place let me say that if you had kept the devilish doctors away from me I might have had a chance of keeping right along with the rest of you. It was right out devilish, the way the doctors filled me up with their drugs until I was brimful, and then death had to step in to drive the drugs out. I think if I had not taken their nostrums I might have been here now. In the name of heaven and God, my friends, do not take as much medicine as I did.

I know that that man just leaving the room is a preacher, and I suppose I ought not to have said devil. I said devil, because I could not find any other word that would convey my idea. You know that everybody has a perfect horror of the devil. I wish they had just as great a horror of powders and pills and liquids that you measure out in a spoon. Now this roundabout talk I do not want put into my letter. I wish all people would mind their own business. Devil take the luck—it was my business to get sick; it was my folks' business to send for the doctor, and it was the doctor's business to give me drugs, and it was death's business to come in and take me over on the other side.

But I am getting ahead of my story. I do not know what was the matter with me. I see you are a doctor—to a gentleman present—perhaps you can tell. I will describe how I was afflicted. The trouble was in my back. I could not walk; I was confined to my room, but not to my bed. [I think your trouble may have been paralysis, lumbago, or sciatica.] My doctor said he did not know what to call it. Well, after a long spell of sickness, I died. But oh, the bilsters; oh, my God, I just swear when I think of them. I have been here seven years—that is a good long time. I have done the very best that I could do. I will come and manifest myself to you again soon. I shall not say that I am perfectly happy; if I did I should say that which is not true.

I do not think that it is right for any person to die until he has lived a long time on earth. I want you to live a good long time, but I should be confounded glad to have you here. If you do not live a long time you will not be satisfied. If you are sick, do not take medicine. If you cannot get a doctor that will not give you much medicine, then don't get any at all. I have a sister who is sick, and I wish that you would stop giving her so many drugs. I know that she has got to die, and you will only hasten her out of the world by giving her so much medicine. I deem it poison. I do not believe that she would feel right if she came too soon. I do not believe that she would feel any nearer right than I do if she came before her time.

I have not told you my sister's name or the name of my family. [Thinking.] I have been thinking about what I have said. No, I am not perfectly contented. [The spirit left off abruptly, and promised to come again.]

FEBRUARY 20.

Well, I am on hand, according to promise. You are the same note taker, but these are not the same folks that were here when I came before. Now if you will keep still I will finish my story. I think I commenced by telling my folks that I was not satisfied with my treatment during my sickness by the doctor. I do not believe in trying to make people think that I am satisfied. I prefer to tell just exactly how I feel, but I shall not say very much. I know what you want. You want my name, place of residence, and my father's name. Now I am not going to have you send this to him, for he is no Spiritualist. The old gentleman don't believe in these new-fangled notions—he won't have anything to do with them. If he should see your paper, the

first thing that he would do would be to put it right into the stove.

I do not feel quite right about blowing so hard about my sickness. Now I guess if I give you my name and tell you where to send this letter, that will be about enough. Do you know how far it is from here to Buffalo? [About six hundred miles.] Well, it does not take long to go there, and I hope you will hurry this letter along. I want you to send it to my brother. [What is your brother's name?] Would you be satisfied if I should tell you? [I think I should.] No, you would not; you would want me to tell you where I lived, how old I was, and when I died. You need not think to hurry me up, as I do not like the idea of going back again. This is a hard road to travel. It is not quite to my liking that I cannot come back to earth again, but either God or the devil has got it so nicely fixed that when once on this side, you must remain here.

Now, brother Hiram, I have spent a pretty long year. I was never used to the smooth side of life, and I have talked just as I used to, so that you might recognize me. I want you to show this to the old gentleman, your wife, and all the folks whom you care anything about. It will set them thinking. Tell them that it has nothing to do with Spiritualism in any way. I used the means that God gave me to make myself known, and that is not Spiritualism. You need not think that believing that this came from me will make you a Spiritualist either. It don't have anything to do with it. Spiritualism is a confounded humbug.

Just think that I, after three years and five months, have come around to let you know where I am—how I feel, and all about it. [Do not forget to give us your name.] I told you there was no such thing as satisfying a Spiritualist. Thank God I am not one. My brother's name is Hiram Wayman, of Buffalo, N. Y. I am not ashamed to add my own name, but suppose I should not give it to you? [Then your communication would be worthless, and I could not send it.]

Well, if you will be sure and not let the folks think that I believe in Spiritualism, I will tell you. My name is Mort. If that is not right, my brother will make it so. Good bye.

ANN ELIZA PRESTON.

My friends, you see the necessity of a proper education of the ideas before entering the spiritual plane of existence. The spirit that just spoke to you has much to learn; that is all I will say about him. I wish to speak particularly to my own dear friends. I appreciate fully your kindness in listening patiently until we can give you our messages. Let me say to my relatives that the laws which govern this mode of communicating are almost unknown to me, yet I make use of them. In proportion to the unfolding of my mind am I happy. I would have you know more of the home to which you will soon come. I would have you lose your terror of death, and realize that happiness, pure and good, can be obtained upon the plane where you now are. My affections are as strong and ardent as ever for you. Be kind to one another. Do all that is in your power for the happiness of all. Please send this to San Francisco, Cal., to my daughter, Laura Preston. My name is Ann Eliza Preston.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. How do spirits employ their time in the spirit world?

A. They spend it influencing mediums and introducing people to each other—giving spiritual entertainments. Some are interested in one thing and some in another. Their employments are as various as upon the material plane of life. Spirits do not lose their interest in the things of earth.

Q. Is it only recently that you have been enabled to communicate with the children of earth?

A. No, it is not recent, but it may seem so, because the inhabitants of earth are just beginning to comprehend and appreciate the fact of spirit intercourse.

Q. Does what we see or hear while on the earth plane ever become so obliterated from the mind as to render it impossible to revert to it in spirit life?

A. While remaining upon the material plane sounds and sights are often obliterated from the mind, but after entering upon the spiritual plane everything, however minute, that you have taken cognizance of in the past, will stand out plainly. Nothing will be obliterated so that you cannot bring it to mind again. That which you now would not wish to recall, will then become a point to which you will be glad to refer to as being a good thing in your existence. There is nothing lost in your development any more than there is in nature. Nothing in your experience can be annihilated any more than your life.

Q. Are you cognizant of what is passing upon the earth?

A. I am cognizant only of that which I observe individually with my own soul. It would be impossible for me to see all that transpires upon the earth.

Q. Are you cognizant of that which affects your particular friends?

A. Not always. For instance, I have friends on this material plane; now while I am here and have possession of this organism, you would not expect me to become en rapport with them sufficiently to take cognizance of what was transpiring amongst them?

Q. Inasmuch as two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time, where is the spirit of the medium?

A. Her spirit is right here. Let me illustrate. You can take a pint of water, and add to it pepper. You know by the taste that something has been added, yet the volume has not been increased. By your trials you will come to a more perfect sense of justice—justice towards your sisters. I entreat you not to condemn any sister who may fall, for perhaps with the same organism and the same surroundings you might have committed the same deeds. The law of kindness is potent. If you will only allow it to dwell within your hearts, you will find that it will bring you a great deal of happiness.

Now to my dear friends and relatives, and to my beloved mother, who gave me birth, I would speak. Mother, many a time while on earth I regretted that you had given me life, but now I thank the Power that ruled over all, that I have an existence. I thank you for it. Let me thank you again for your kindness—thank you one and all for all the kind words that you ever gave me. You will know what those are. Please send this to Milo Horton, Niagara Falls P. O.

JULIA LOUISA SHERMAN.

I want to talk—[trying to open the medium's eyes.]—and I want to have my eyes open so that I can see the folks. If I cannot see I cannot talk. I wish my folks were here. It always makes me feel bad to think about them. I do not go to see them near as much as I should if it did not make me feel so bad. [Why does it make you feel so?] Because they cannot see me. Do you know why they cannot see me? I keep my eyes wide open, and put my head close down to their faces, and they cannot see me at all. [Yes, my child, it is because you are on the spiritual plane and they are on the material.] [Crying bitterly.] I hope you will please send this letter to them, and tell them that Julia feels bad when she comes near her folks and they cannot see her.

When you know that I am close to you, maybe you will see me better. There are some very good folks here, and they tell me to tell my folks how bad

I feel because they cannot see me. [Do you desire them to go to a medium and give you an opportunity to speak to them?] Is this lady what you call a medium? [Yes.] Well, then, tell them that I say go to a medium and I will talk to them. Then if they are right close to me I know that I can talk better than I can now. [You said that you felt bad—is it on account of disappointments in the spirit land?] I do not know what you call spirit land. I know when I come right close to my folks and they do not see me, that I feel bad. [Are you not in the spirit world now?] Yes, I feel with me are just telling me that they call this the spirit land we come to after we die.

I have no father or mother, brother or sister, or any one here who loves me. There is only just some folks that I do not know. I want some of my folks to come. [Don't you feel happy with the company that you have around you?] Yes, some; but I do not feel as well as I should if my father and mother and some of my folks were here. I do not like to stay in the spirit world, because I do not like to talk much to these folks. My father's name is William Sherman. My mother's name is Mary. My name is Julia Louisa. I died in Springfield, Mass. I was fourteen years old. I have not been here very long, but it seems a long time to me.

## FROM A MIRTHFUL SPIRIT IN ATTENDANCE.

Well, that girl felt so bad she did not know what to do. Why did you not give her a bit of encouragement? She wanted somebody to cheer her up. I stood right by listening to her pitiful story. It would not be very beneficial to our medium if every spirit that came to her felt as sad as that child did.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Can spirits with large concentrativeness control mediums with greater facility than those who have not that faculty of the mind largely developed? In other words, is it necessary for the perfect control of a medium that the spirit should intensify his mind upon the subject so much as to be oblivious to all other subjects; and to that end, is it necessary that the conditions surrounding the medium should be such as to induce a passive or negative state in the medium?

A. Well, the latter part of your inquiry answers the first part. You asked the question—then your own good sense came right along and answered it. You get absorbed in reading, and do not notice what is passing, or you may be painting upon canvas and become lost to outward things; in like manner, anything that engrosses the whole attention of any individual occupies the whole mind, and when you say the whole that covers everything.

Q. Is it not a fact that those spirits who have the faculty of concentrativeness largely developed, can control mediums better than any other class of spirits?

A. Do you know that there are two sides to that question? One individual may have concentrativeness largely developed, and not have sufficient power to render another mind negative to his, he being positive. Concentrativeness might cover all other faculties, and yet might not have that power over another. I have seen those not having concentrativeness largely developed, yet possessing strong positive magnetic powers, who could influence a medium. Yet persons that had that faculty largely developed, would be more likely to accomplish the desired object than one who had it not, as those who have large concentrativeness and strong positive will powers would accomplish any object easily. There is only a small portion of spirits that can influence mediums. I know of no one spirit that has full control of a medium. There are always other spirits who combine in aiding the spirit that desires to control a medium. I manifest myself and talk to you, yet there are other spirits who aid me. So it is with all the manifestations that you receive; there is a combined intelligence and concentration of spirit influence.

Q. Do I understand that a spirit has to be aided in order to get full possession of another organism? Do they always have to have assistance?

A. They always do.

GEORGIANNA HORTON.

Please be kind enough to say that Georgianna Horton, who resided while on earth about one mile from the Falls of Niagara, wishes to communicate with her friends. If you will send this to the address that I will give you, my friends will get it and you will confer a great and lasting favor upon your friend and sister—for truly we are all sisters. Every woman should feel that all of her own sex are sisters; and feeling thus, it would discard all ideas of superiority over each other. When we realize that we have a kind and loving sister, one that is near and dear at all times and in all places, the feeling that "I am holier than thou" will never enter our breasts. We shall look upon all such with a great deal of satisfaction, knowing that within the breast of our sister we can come and confide every secret, every thought; and that there they will be cherished as the experiences of our own hearts. I would inculcate that spiritual feeling just spoken of amongst all the children of earth—that is, of my own sex on earth, and in the spirit world. I desire the happiness of all on earth as well as in heaven. If you could all realize the same true and sisterly feeling, then would you stand by one another. Woman should be woman's best friend. Go not to the opposite sex for consolation, but confide and trust in each other.

I will say nothing of my experience while upon earth, except this much, that however dark the valley that you are in it will eventually become light and clear—bright as the dewdrop that sparkles in the morning sunlight upon the rose. By your trials you will come to a more perfect sense of justice—justice towards your sisters. I entreat you not to condemn any sister who may fall, for perhaps with the same organism and the same surroundings you might have committed the same deeds. The law of kindness is potent. If you will only allow it to dwell within your hearts, you will find that it will bring you a great deal of happiness.

Now to my dear friends and relatives, and to my beloved mother, who gave me birth, I would speak. Mother, many a time while on earth I regretted that you had given me life, but now I thank the Power that ruled over all, that I have an existence. I thank you for it. Let me thank you again for your kindness—thank you one and all for all the kind words that you ever gave me. You will know what those are. Please send this to Milo Horton, Niagara Falls P. O.

RICHARD NORWICK, OF DAYTON, OHIO.

I want to say to my father and mother, go to that medium—that woman that they say that the devil has got hold of, and I will be the devil for a while. It is not the devil that has hold of her—it is folks that have got out of their old bodies and jumped into new ones. Now, father and mother, I want you to go and see her. Her name is Mary Cummings. My father's name is Elisha; my mother's is Amelia—she has more than one name. If you

will only go, I will play the part of the devil until you are convinced that it is not him at all.

I do not wish to tell a long story this time. I remain, as ever, your loving son, Richard Norwick, Dayton, Ohio. Perhaps I ought to say excuse my haste.

WILLIE DAVIS, OF DAYTON, OHIO.

I lived in Dayton, too. My name is Willie Davis. I feel just as nice as I can feel. I am in just as nice a place as I can be in. I see you cry and feel bad, because I did not stay with you longer. But you need not feel bad, for there are good folks here. I think you will feel better by and by. I want to tell you what I do. I do a great many things. My teacher says that I must cultivate my mind, and that the best way to cultivate that, is to study nature. You say that we are in another world, don't you? [Reporter replied—"Yes, we call it the spirit world oftentimes."] Well, it is not so—it is right here. Do you know that my folks read your paper—every bit of it? [No, I did not know it, but I am glad that it is so, for they will find your letter in it.] I must go. Tell them I send kisses to them. Good bye.

CARRIE KENDALL, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

My mother dreamed the other night that her little Carrie came to her, with nice pretty wreaths of flowers and put them all around her pillow—carried them around her head, and then laid them right this way over the bedclothes. [Describing the manner.] She waked up before daylight and told my papa that she just dreamed that her little Carrie came and brought all these flowers.

Now that was not a dream. Aunt Hattie was with me, and we put all those flowers upon you when you dreamed it. Aunt Hattie said that if your spiritual eyes had been opened you would have seen us, but you were sleeping. We gave them to you in your sleep. I wanted to tell you all the time that you were not dreaming.

I was five years old, and lived in Hartford, Conn. My father's name is L. K. Kendall. Aunt Hattie is my mother's sister. Aunt Hattie came to heaven just a little while before I did. I will come again and bring flowers, mother—all that I can carry in my arms. By-by, lady.

## A Spiritual Poem,

[Given through the mediumship of Miss LIZZIE DORRIS, at Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, Feb. 9, 1866.]

MR. DISPLAY.

It may seem a strange question, good people, but say,  
Did you never hear tell of one Mr. Display?  
A man who made up for the lack of good sense  
By a wondrous amount of mere show and pretense;  
Puffed up with conceit like an airy balloon,  
He was hard to approach as the Man in the Moon,  
But when for some purpose it came in his way,  
Then oh, how gracious was Mr. Display!

A sly politician, a popular man,  
When all things went smoothly, he marshaled the van,  
But when there was aught like failure to fear,  
He quickly deserted and fled to the rear.  
His speech to the people went gaily and glib,  
While he drew his support from the National crib;  
But when an assessment or tax was to pay,  
Oh, how outraged and angry was Mr. Display!

He smoked and he chewed, he drank and he swore,  
But then every now and then he would add a word  
Is prone to these things—some more and some less,  
Which are all overlooked in a man of address.  
He was also whispered that he had betrayed  
The too trusting faith of an innocent maid;  
But the ladies all blamed her for going astray,  
While they pardoned and petted dear Mr. Display.

There was good Mr. Honest, who lived but next door,  
Who was true and substantial, and sound to the core;  
He had made it the rule of his life from his youth  
To shun all evasion and speak the plain truth;  
But the ladies, who always are judges, you know,  
Declared him to be a detestable bore,  
Not worthy of mention within the same day  
With that pink of perfection, dear Mr. Display.

Withal he was pious—perhaps you will smile,  
And ask how he happened the church to beguile;  
Why, the churches accept men for better or worse,  
If there's only a plenty of gold in their purse.  
Gold still buys remission as freely and fast  
As it did in the Catholic Church in the past.  
Tis the same thing right over, and that was the way  
That the church swallowed smoothly good Mr. Display.

Oh, you ought to have heard him when leading in prayer,  
How he flattered the Father of all for his care,  
And confessed he was sinful a thousand times o'er,  
Which it was morally certain the Lord knew before.  
The ladies responded in the sweetest of sighs,  
With their elegant handkerchiefs pressed to their eyes,  
But the pure, unsexed spirits turned sadly away,  
From the loud-mouthed devotions of Mr. Display.

Ah, their sweet smiles to poor Mr. Display!  
His mask of deception was moulded in clay,  
And when his exterior of life was let fall,  
What he was without seeming was plain unto all;  
His garments of patches, his flimsy disguise,  
Which won distinction to other men's eyes,  
Were changed in a twinkling, away vanished away,  
Leaving nothing to boast of to poor Mr. Display.

Ah, a great reputation, a title or name,  
Of brings its possessor to sorrow and shame;  
But a character founded in goodness and worth  
Outlasts all the perishing glories of earth—  
All the fruitless of nature, all the changes of time!  
It rises majestic in beauty sublime  
Till the weak and faint hearted are cheered by its ray,  
Above all mere seeming and empty display.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Protracted Meeting Conversations and Psychological Control Shown to be Produced Through the Same Mental Law.

BY REV. ORRIN ABBOTT.

Having been, according to Orthodoxy, called of God to preach the gospel, and having had that call explained by clairvoyant sight, and having been very successful in getting people converted; and having studied mesmerism, and been also a very successful mesmerizer, perhaps no man is better prepared than myself to look over the whole field of operations, and show that preachers and psychologists produce their effects through the same mental law.

The practice of holding protracted meetings to get up revivals of religion commenced in 1830. Preachers and churches learned by experience and observation, that they must first have a succession of prayer meetings to get the church zealously engaged in the work, and then they must procure a preacher who was earnest and could send from the pulpit a flow of startling ideas that would chain the attention of the audience. With this preparation in good condition, they had a battery in readiness for psychologizing the people and getting sinners converted. On securing the attention of the audience, the preacher would impress his hearer's mind with the belief—

1st. That he was a sinner.

2d. That he was on the road to hell.

3d. That by repentance and faith in Jesus he could be saved.

When the mind was sufficiently impressed and alarmed by these points of faith, the subject was ready to come forward and be prayed for. After praying and singing, and praying again a while, the preacher would talk in low tones to each penitent, repeating Scriptural promises and encouraging him or her to believe that Jesus would that moment forgive their sins and bless them if they would let Him. When they respectively believed the preacher's soothing words they felt better, and preacher and saints, and converts would sing and rejoice together, and they would be numbered as the saved of that meeting.

Many years ago, before I withdrew from an Orthodox church, this was done in good faith, and I suppose it is done now in the same spirit, believing it to be the Spirit of the Lord at work among the people; yet by a comparison with mesmerism, I will now show that it is performed by the operation of psychological laws. Having very successfully practised both as preacher and mesmerizer, I understand the law working in both cases.

1. The mesmerizer must fix his mind attentively upon his subject, or subjects, and the preacher must fix his mind attentively upon his audience.

2. The mesmerizer and preacher must both be earnest, so that magnetism may flow overwhelmingly from their minds.

3. They must both be firm, positive persons.

4. They must both believe there is a prospect of accomplishing the object they respectively have in view.

5. They must both have the fixed attention of their subjects.

6. The subjects of both must be in a passive condition.

7. Both must become en rapport with their subjects.

8. The will of the magnetizer flows into the mind of his subject in such a way that he can control his mind and actions, and the will of the preacher flows into the mind of his hearers and produces the effect he wishes.

9. The magnetizer knows that young people are more easily psychologized than old persons, and the preacher knows that his converts are mostly made among young people.

10. The male gender is positive, the female negative; therefore the males do the hard fighting, and the magnetizer knows that women are more easily psychologized than men, and the preacher knows he gets more female converts than male. This is so true of the female sex that I have heard an adage used by clergymen that "the woman (alluding to Eve) was the first in transgression and is the first out of it." Female mediums, psychologized by spirits, are more numerous than male mediums, and who does not know that fortune-tellers, following the same rule, are nearly all women?

As two or three good witnesses are enough to decide in any case, are not the ten points here made sufficient to show that the preacher and the mesmerizer both affect their subjects through the same mental law?

To enable the reader to understand how good angels use good preachers, as well as good mediums, to exert a good influence among the people, I shall give a few scraps from my own experience. When I was a young man, I perceived an internal, yet well understood whisper, saying, "you must preach." As I was reluctant to obey, it slowly increased until it became a pressure, as if I were a tight cask filled with a fermenting liquid. I yielded to this voice, and giving out an appointment to preach, wrote a sermon and studied it until it was thoroughly committed to memory. At the appointed time, I commenced rehearsing my discourse; but after proceeding several minutes, suddenly I forgot every word of it! It was brushed from my mind with the rapidity of a flash of lightning from the clouds. I tried to recall it to memory, but in vain. I was confounded, and with shame sat down.

Subsequently I studied no sermons, but preached on the impulse of the moment as it came to me. When I arose to speak, I had very little idea of what I should say, and when I had done, retained a slight memory only of what I had uttered. Sometimes I was suffering severe pain, and once had been gun to shake with a heavy chill of fever and ague when I commenced speaking, but neither then, nor in any other instance in all my preaching, did I ever think of pain or illness while speaking. The influence upon me Orthodoxy calls the spirit of the Lord, but ten years ago, at a conference meeting in Buffalo, when I felt the same impulse, I arose and spoke, but said nothing of the influence I felt; yet a stranger who, in passing through the city, stepped into the meeting, then arose in a trance, and pointing to me, exclaimed: "What that old, bald-headed man said came from high up in the courts of heaven. A bright and happy spirit came and held her hands over his head," and then he told how long she had been in the spirit world. That showed me conclusively that I had long been a speaking medium under angel influence.

Let no one suppose the spirit of the Lord is more in protracted meetings than it was with me, for I was noted for getting people converted before protracted meetings were thought of. To make this evident I will relate several instances.

In a new country, I went into an Infidel township where no church or religious society of any order existed, neither could missionaries get a sufficient number together to hold meetings. After visiting them from house to house, they came together to hear me preach; and after tarrying with them several weeks, nearly all the people in the township professed to be converted. I passed on, but was subsequently informed that clergymen of various denominations hastened there to get them into their folds. At various times, clergymen tried to induce me to preach in their pulpits for them, by offering to raise me large sums of money; but as I had no family to support, and understood perfectly that their clerical designs were to obtain converts for their respective denominations, I refused each offer. These facts show that any sect was ready to receive converts made in this manner.

In showing that the power manifested then is not surpassed by the power in protracted meetings, I will say now that on one occasion when I had finished my sermon, a woman rushed forward and seizing both of my hands, begged me to keep her from falling into hell; and another time, when I was praying at a camp-meeting, my voice was drowned by a confused sound, and when I opened my eyes, I saw a host of people prostrate on the ground, and every preacher on the stand was lying on the floor.

Subsequently when I studied and practiced mesmerism, I found myself to be a powerful psychologist, and that fact, with the angelic impulse I felt when the bright spirit held her hands over my head, explained the whole mystery.

Angelic influence elucidates the call good and zealous men feel they have to preach the gospel, and as mesmerism shows a law through which people may be converted, when things can be produced through natural law, it is not wise to call them supernatural.

Chicago, February, 1866.

A renowned clergyman of New York lately preached rather a long sermon from the text: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said, "That's right, gentlemen, as fast as you are weighed, pass out." He continued his sermon at some length after this, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

"Divide and conquer," is a maxim fit  
"Unite and lead," is a much finer wit.







## Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it  
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews  
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it  
In richest fragrance and in purest hues:  
For soon the gathering land of death will break it  
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose  
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower  
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,  
O who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

## Girls' Rights.

"Have little girls any rights, mamma?" asked little May T., who had been tucked away in a "corner," to listen to a prosy discussion upon "Women's Rights."

"Little girls any rights?" Yes! darling; but they know as little about them as the caged canary knows about fresh air and woodland boughs. Like a canary, you are caged in a room nearly as hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. You have a right to be out singing with the birds; leaping and laughing with the unbound streamlets. You have a right to frolic with the winds; to receive the warm kisses of the sun; and to grow strong, brown and rosy-checked.

Children are human poems—wild, sweet songs, that you can no more measure and metre, than you can set the song of the winds and the waves to the tune of "Old Hundred." Nature never designed little girls to be prim, and proper, and ladylike. She wants them to be just as she made them—good, loving and happy.

"Little girls any rights?" Yes; a right to run, jump, swim, skate; a right to the use of the hoe, spade, axe, and everything that will make them strong and healthy. The world is overrun with little, sickly, nervous children, that have grown like hothouse plants, and like them they will fade and die with the early frost; and all because they do not have their rights.

I wish little girls would call conventions, get up resolutions, and make speeches in favor of their rights. I wish they would send petitions and protests to the legislators, demanding their rights, and protesting against the outrages heaped upon them by quack doctors, ignorant parents, and society generally. Then something would be done.

FRANCES BROWN.

## The Wonders of Nature.—No. 11.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

## AGE OF REPTILES.

This evening a few little friends were gathered around our bedside, but the lesson of the evening was not forgotten, and scarcely had the lamp been lighted when it was asked for by several voices.

Cousin Ives, who was very thoughtful for a boy so young, had come a long distance, and said he could not return satisfied unless he heard one of the marvelous stories Ross had spoken of.

"Well Ives, if a marvelous story is what you desire, the one I shall tell you to-night will be pleasing, for it so happens that this night's lesson is a description of the terrible reptiles which once inhabited the earth."

"Indeed! that will be interesting," exclaimed all. "I shall try and make it so, and to be sure that I shall succeed, I have on the mantel a folio of drawings of these ancient monsters. Trim the lamp, Ives, that you may all see clearly, and I will proceed."

As Ives trimmed the lamp, he exclaimed: "This coal-oil gives as good a light as gas. By the way, it is a strange force of nature to make the earth yield oil, like a whale!"

"I've heard grandpa say," said Mary, "that when he was a whaler, he caught whales that had I don't know how many barrels of oil in their heads; they cut a hole in the skull and dipped it out."

"Yes," replied Ives, "and we dig a well in the earth, and pump out the oil—so the earth is like a whale. Can you not, uncle, first tell us how this oil is made?"

"I cannot answer you with certainty; but it is probable this oil results from the decomposition of vegetable and animal matter, found in the coal. The process by which this is accomplished I cannot make you understand, for it belongs to the most intricate walks of chemistry. As the oil is pressed from these vast deposits it runs into the pores and fissures of the rocks, which our wells reach."

"Do you suppose the supply will ever become exhausted?"

"We have reason to believe it is as abundant as coal, and that it will never fail. Wells may be drained, but others will be discovered. There are strata of rock thousands of feet thick, completely saturated with it, and they furnish exhaustless reservoirs."

"The story!" exclaimed a dozen voices, "Mary is very anxious to see the pictures!"

"Well, children, I am happy to see you so much interested. You will be sure to remember what I tell you, and I give you this lesson that you may not only understand the ideas I furnish you, but may feel a deep desire to know more of the wonders of Nature. You can never exhaust her fountains. The more you learn the more you will find to learn, and the stronger will be your desire to do this. The great Newton, of whom you have all heard, as the discoverer of gravitation, when some one complimented him on the greatness of his knowledge, replied that he was like a little child gathering a few pebbles on the seashore. Just think of this; you go down to the beach, you gather here a light stone, there a curious shell, and so on until you fill your pockets; but how many you leave! You cannot see where you gathered those you carry away. So is the little we learn to the great store we cannot learn."

"The age of gigantic vegetation purified the atmosphere. Before this no animal could breathe the air, it was so impure. Now, however, these impurities were laid down in beds of coal, and animals could breathe the new pure air."

"The aspect of the earth was very different from what it is now. The highest animals on the land were reptiles or lizards. There were a great many kinds, but they were all lizards. Some were very small, others extremely large. Many lived wholly on land, others in the ocean or great rivers."

"I shall not enter into a detailed description of the strata in which each of the beings I am about to describe are found. You would not understand me, and my purpose is not to teach you at once all that is to be known; but to awaken your interest, and induce you to love the study of Nature. This much I will tell you, that the age of reptiles includes all the strata from the coal to the age of gigantic mammals, or the new and vast thicknesses, some have been deposited in fresh water lakes, others in the ocean. We now find them lying one above the other in broad bands, just as you see those books piled upon the table. In them we find the bones of the huge reptiles that inhabited the earth while they, so to speak, were growing.

"The early ocean sustained strange forms, and most notable among them was the ICHTHYOSAURUS, or great fish lizard. I have a sketch of it here; it is supposed to have appeared when alive. It was from twenty to thirty feet in length. It had four strong paddles, like those of a porpoise or whale, and a long tail, ending in a fin like that of a fish. It can scarcely be said to have had a neck. Its head, almost a third as long as its body, joined directly to it. Its ponderous jaws were armed with sharp, conical teeth. Its eyes were twice as large as a dinner plate, and were covered with horny plates."

"It must have been very swift, for its large paddles and tail propelled it through the water with great force. Its aspect is one of eager hunger, and it was undoubtedly the most voracious of its tribe. It could easily overtake the swift fishes of its day, and as it could swallow whilst under water, it could retire to the bottom of the sea to devour them at leisure."

"This is the PLESIOSAURUS, or snake-lizard. It was a compound being. If to the body of a whale we join the neck and tail of a serpent, and the paddles of a porpoise, we should have this reptile. A specimen in the British Museum is over twenty-four feet in length. Its neck was more than one-third the length of its body. It supported a head comparatively small; but its jaws were armed with sharp and recurved teeth."

"You see it has the wing of a strange-looking bird in its mouth. This is the Pterodactyle, or winged lizard. It puts on in mind of the old pictures of dragons, and is the nearest approach nature has made to those fabled monsters."

"There were a great variety, some not larger than a hawk, others as large as condors. Their bodies were similar in form to a lizard, and their heads like those of the Ichthyosaurus; their long jaws and short teeth being similar. What makes it so interesting is its wings, by which it could fly high in the air, with all the ease and freedom of a bird."

"You have seen bats, flying like sprites in the dusky air. Bats are remarkable for being the only mammal that can fly. If you take the trouble to catch one you will find its wings are quite different from those of birds. They are not covered with feathers, nor hair even; but its fingers are greatly prolonged, and covered by a delicate membrane. Thus a beautiful wing is formed. The Pterodactyle had wings similarly formed, only the membrane was extended between its fore and hind extremities, thus making a much larger wing, and giving it a more vigorous flight."

"The Plesiosaurus lay in some warm, shallow bay, its body entirely covered by the water, and only its nostrils appearing above the surface. This Pterodactyle was a great fisher. He came flapping his enormous wings over the dark waste, now and then uttering a hoarse cry. He knew not his danger until he came near enough for the waiting Plesiosaurus to dart its long neck from the water and seize hold of his wing. Then, screaming and struggling, he was dragged beneath the waves."

"There were cetosaurus, or whale-like lizards, quite as large as the present whale. They were like the whale, except their heads, which closely resembled that of Ichthyosaurus. All these marine or seasaurians were fierce and voracious, indiscriminately devouring every kind of fish or lizard which was so unfortunate as to come in their way. They did not spare even their own kindred. The Ichthyosaurus crushed the bony fishes of its age with the greatest ease, and the hard shells of shell-fish were easily broken. Its jaws were especially constituted for powerful use, the bones being jointed so that when the jaws were brought together with greatest force, they could not be broken. With these were fierce sharks, the fleetest and most rapacious of all fish; and there were fishes like sharks, but covered with large bony plates."

"The land was no less replete with wonderful beings. The Iguanodon was considered by Cuvier to be one of the most remarkable of its class. It was perhaps the largest reptile that ever existed, its length being from thirty to forty feet, and exceedingly broad in proportion. Its head was short and roundish, with a horn on the nose, as you see here, like that with which the rhinoceros is armed. Its legs were like huge posts; even its thigh bones, which have been found perfectly preserved, being four feet eight inches in length, twenty-five inches around its shaft, and around the joint forty-two inches, or fourteen inches in diameter. If we imagine this bone clothed with the ponderous muscles necessary to move and support the huge body, and encased in a plated skin, we shall at once see how large it must have been. It was well it fed on herbage, for it could not have secured sufficient prey for its support."

"The Megalosaurus or great saurian, and lizard of the wood were much smaller, though twenty feet or more in length. They were carnivorous—that is, they fed on flesh."

"The Labyrinthodon was a monstrous frog, over eight feet in length, and frequented the low beaches, in company with hosts of large and indescribable birds. Let us imagine ourselves transported to some high promontory, overlooking land and ocean, and that the saurian age spreads beneath us. The picture I here present you will assist your fancy. A dark ocean stretches away before us, wild and turbulent. The breath of the tempest howls over its bosom, meeting no obstacle from mountain barriers. Its waves never rest. They have an Herculean task before them. To them is assigned the duty of leveling the rocky shores, against which they rage, and from their dust build continents on which man can live. Man could not live on earth as we now behold it. It is not sufficiently finished. So the winds and waves grind down the rocks to make a fertile soil."

"Out then upon the tossing billows we see a group of Ichthyosaurus. They are seeking their prey. The stormy seas their home. How grandly they ride over the waves! How strongly they beat back the spray with their paddles! One disappears! A shark has seized him, and dragged him down. Now they rise, and engage in a fierce struggle for the mastery of the deep. The long jaws of the Ichthyosaurus shut with a crash on the shark, which vainly endeavors to escape. Now the other saurians gather around and tear the fettered shark to pieces. The sea is stained a moment with blood, and the saurians slowly move over the spot, gnashing their teeth together, their great red eyes gleaming with anger."

"Inside the bar yonder, are a dozen or more Plesiosaurs. They cannot dwell in the rough sea. They love the warm bays and sheltered beaches. 'Just below us, crawling along the muddy shore, is the Pterodactyle. Its wings are pressed to its sides, and as it wades through the ooze one might readily mistake it for a turtle. It is searching after fishes left by the tide. Now it reaches the water, and half spreading its wings, swims away as rapidly as a fish. Ah, wonderful to behold, it rises into the air, and like a huge gull, flaps its enormous wings, and screams over the waste, at length alighting on the summit of the high cliff, where its young are nestled, free from danger. Thus was it at home on the land, in the water, or the air; a reptile, a fish, and a bird united."

"On the broad flat yonder, left bare by the tide, is congregated a singular group. There are Labyrinthodons of all sizes, some walking like frogs, others resting on their hind legs, and jumping like kangaroos. There are many kinds of birds, or what appear to be birds, but they have scarcely an appearance of wings, and they are covered with rough, knotty hair. See that largest one! His tracks are eighteen inches long, his legs are so long he takes eight feet at a single step. The land is clothed with vegetation much like that existing during the coal. The palm, and asplendid variety of pine were the most conspicuous and beautiful. Dense forests stretch as far as the eye can reach. They are inhabited by reptiles. Gigantic snakes dwell in the slimy marshes, and the Iguanodon browsed amid the herbage. We can hear the coming of the Iguanodon at a great distance. How he crashes through the thicket! Large trees yield like grass if he chances to fall against them. Just as he comes out of the wood into that open spot, he meets a Megalosaurus that has been awaiting him. They at once engage in deadly conflict. The Iguanodon endeavors to tear his antagonist with his horn; but the strong and scaly hide of the latter is impenetrable, and he fastens his sharp and hooked teeth into the neck of his victim. They grapple and roll over each other. The ear is deafened by their horrid screams; they crush the thicket into which they plunge in their struggle for life. Slowly the Megalosaurus gains the mastery. His teeth pierce the rough skin and reveal the arteries of his victim. Eagerly he drinks the blood as it flows from the dying, though still struggling prey!"

"Such was the appearance of the earth during the long period from the coal to the age of mammals."

"How I really should like to see the reality of the picture you have drawn," said Ives. "I wish I could have lived then."

"What for?" asked Mary; "I'm sure I should not. You'd be gobbled up by some of those saurians before you had lived a day. If you took a sail, a great Ichthyosaurus might swallow you, boat and all; and if you escaped, a Pterodactyle might take a fancy to carry you home for his brood's dinner. On land you wouldn't be much better off, and I'm sure a real fight, such as uncle has described, would frighten me out of my senses."

"Nevertheless, I hold to my wish," replied Ives. "I think it would be worth a lifetime just to see it!"

"Mary is right, children, the earth was not prepared for man at that stage. He could not have lived on it even for a short time. There was no grain or vegetables suitable for food for man, and he would have been obliged to sustain life on the flesh of the fierce saurians, which he would have found difficult, if not impossible to destroy. An unarmed man would not meet with much success in attacking any of these beings I have described."

"He could shoot them."

"You must remember that man is first a savage; his only weapons are the bow and arrow, and spear. What would these avail? Man could not dwell on earth then. He came in due season, and at proper time, when the earth was ready to receive him."

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The Chicago Board of Trade lately adopted a memorial to Congress, asking for a grant of 20,000 acres of the public lands to aid in the construction of a ship canal from Sturgeon Bay, Wis., to Lake Michigan. The proposed canal would be less than two miles in length.

Daniel Defoe was an hostler, and son of a butcher.

## NOTICE.

The Spiritualists, Reformers, and liberal-minded persons generally, who are willing to co-operate with the National Convention of Spiritualists, and especially those who are citizens of New Jersey, are requested to meet in State Convention, in the Friends of Progress Hall, in Vineland, N. J., on Thursday and Friday, May 24th and 25th, 1866, for the purpose of organizing a State Convention, to co-operate with the National organization in the objects and purposes of said organization. Convention will be called to order at 1 o'clock P. M., May 24th, 1866.

WARREN CHASE, Secy.

C. B. CAMPBELL, Comtee.

JOHN GAGE, Comtee.

## NEW BRICK MACHINE.

In successful operation since 1854. Common labor with one brickmaker and one boy. No need of steam, makes 4,000 per day; by horse 7,000 to 12,000; by steam 16,000 to 25,000. Cost from \$100 to \$700. For further particulars, in a pamphlet, giving full instructions on brick setting and burning with wood or coal. Address, sending five cents, FRANKS H. SMITH, Box 556, Baltimore.

23-41

## MRS. SPENCE'S

## POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

THESE celebrated powders act as carriers of the Positive and Negative forces through the blood to the Brain, Lungs, Heart, Ventricle, Stomach, Reproductive Organs, and all other parts of the body. They give more control over diseases of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: All active or acute fevers; all neuralgia, rheumatism, painful, spasmodic or convulsive diseases; all female diseases; Dyspepsia, Dysentery, and all other Positive diseases.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE: All typhoid fevers; all kinds of palsy, or paralysis; and all other Negative diseases.

Circulars with full lists of diseases and explanations sent free. Those who prefer special directions as to which kind of Powders to use, and how to use them, will please send us a brief description of their disease, when they send for the Powders.

Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists and Physicians. Mailed, postpaid, for \$1.00 a box; \$5.00 for six. Money sent by mail is at our risk. Office, 97 St. Mark's Place, New York.

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8-17

## The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

## THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED.

A MANUAL, with directions for the Organization and Management of Sunday Schools, adapted to the Bodies and Minds of the Young. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Price per copy, 80 cents, 8 cents postage, when sent by mail; twelve copies, \$8.40; 100 copies, \$60; gilt per copy, \$1.

Address, "BETA MARSH 14 Bromfield street, Boston."

22-out-17

## Specific Remedy for Consumption and Nervous Debility.

## WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES.

"THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, even in the second and third stages, (if a period, when there can be no doubt as to the nature of the disease,) IS THE RULE, while DEATH IS THE EXCEPTION."—Dr. Churchill, to the Imperial Academy of Sciences, Paris.

NOT only set with PROMPTNESS and CERTAINTY in every stage of tubercular disease, even of the acute kind called "Galloping Consumption," but also with INVARIABLE EFFICACY in all derangements of the Nervous and Blood Systems, such as Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Asthma, Paralysis, Scrophulous Chronic Bronchitis, Marasmus, Rickets (in children), Anemia, Dyspepsia, Wasting, impaired nutrition, impoverished blood, and all morbid conditions of the system, dependent on deficiency of vital force. Their action is twofold and specific: on the one hand, increasing the principle WHICH CONSTITUTES NERVOUS ENERGY, and on the other ARE THE MOST POWERFUL BLOOD-GENERATING AGENTS KNOWN.

"Winchester's Genuine Preparation" is the only reliable form of the Hypophosphites (made from original formulae). It is put up in 7 and 16-oz. bottles, at \$1.00 and \$2.00 each. Three ounces, or six small, for \$5.00. No other, or any remedy containing form.

For sale by most of the respectable druggists throughout the United States and British Provinces, and at the Sole General Depot in the States, by

36 John street, New York.

## DR. J. P. BRYANT, HEALS THE SICK

158 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL. NEARLY OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

## SPIRITUAL NOTICE.

PRIVATE CIRCLES are now forming at the "Temple of Truth," 814 Broadway, New York City, for the scientific investigation of Spiritualism. The best Test Mediums will be employed to give communications. Each class is limited in number. Apply as above.

A public circle is held every Monday evening. Lectures, discussions, etc., every Sunday. Mediums can be consulted privately at the "Temple." The hall is free daily to visitors. The morning light is breaking. The darkness is disappearing. The angels here are greeting The friends of other years.

MR. &amp; MRS. FERRIS,

MEDIUMS for Physical manifestations, can be addressed at Coldwater, Michigan, care of Alonzo Bennett. 14-17

I. G. ATWOOD, M. D.,

THE original and remarkable Healing Medium, of Lockport, N. Y., is now in a regular and successful practice, at No. 1 St. Mark's Place, New York City. 15-16

MRS. C. A. GENUNG,

HEALING, CLAIRVOYANT AND BUSINESS MEDIUM. EXAMINATION made of Lock of Hair, on enclosing \$3.00 and two three-cent stamps. No. 141 South Clinton street, Chicago. P. O. Box 1809. 10-17

MRS. C. H. DEARBORN,

INSPIRATIONAL TRANCE MEDIUM, will answer calls to a lecture. Will also give advice, clairvoyantly, upon the treatment of diseases. Memory, and tell persons what the trouble is, and how it can be remedied, to bring peace and harmony to their families, by letter or in person. All letters promptly attended to. Ladies, \$1.00; gentlemen, \$2.00. Address, Worcester, Mass. 8-17

MR. WILLIAM JACKSON,

LECTURER, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, OR THE great counselor upon all subjects, concerning man and his developments. He is the most successful medium for treating chronic and private diseases. In the United States, and has astonished the scientific classes in many of the cities and towns in North America, by his peculiar powers and ability as a medium. He has now located in Oswego, Illinois.

Mr. Jackson treats all diseases, both acute and chronic, to which the human family is subject, both male and female, such as Nervous Debility, Self Abuse, Irritability of the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, Wasting of the Vital Fluids, Giddiness, Lassitude, and all diseases of a private nature in both sexes. Those who are suffering from diseases should send at once for medicine, for his treatment, far exceeds any other method of the age. This assertion many hundreds will testify to. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case which he undertakes. Persons can be cured as well at home as with the medium. Medicine sent by mail, all parts of the United States, California or the Canada, by mail or express.

Send ten cents for his great new circular, and direct as below.

Mr. Jackson also answers sealed letters for \$1.00 and four three-cent stamps. He delineates character, gives advice in regard to business matters, will tell prominent traits, disposition, changes in life, what business persons are best adapted to pursue, and various other things. By reading your own autograph, or the autograph of any other person. Terms, \$1.00, and a three-cent stamp.

Great Advice to All People! is the title of a new book just published by the author, William Jackson. It is a work beyond all comparison; a great book for the young and old of both sexes. No one should be without this book. It is full of thrilling interest to all. It is the work of a scientific and philanthropic mind. Price \$1.00, sent to any part of the country, securely mailed.

Address all communications to, WILLIAM JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall Co., Illinois. 20-17

DRS. S. B. COLLINS &amp; S. A. THOMAS,

## SPIRIT PHYSICIANS

Heal by the Laying on of Hands,

LAPORTE, IND.

Dr. COLLINS: I had been troubled with Fever Sore on my face for five years, and during that time was under the care of different physicians, but was not relieved. I then called upon you, and after taking your medicine for forty days as directed, was entirely cured. I send you this for publication, as it may be the means of sending those to you who are similarly afflicted.

Yours truly, C. P. WALTER.

Dr. THOMAS: I have been afflicted for eleven years with total paralysis of left side—not being able to walk one step during the whole period; but after receiving repeated cures of Dr. THOMAS, I am now able to walk quite well, and am gaining strength very fast. I had lost all feeling, and little did I expect to walk a step or have the least feeling. I cordially recommend the afflicted to try the virtuous manifested through the Doctor. No medicine used.

SARAH MILLS.

DATON, Mich., Sept. 5, 1865.

After giving up all hope of recovery from a Nervous Affection of three years' standing, I was induced to give Dr. THOMAS a trial, at his residence. He gave me three operations, and I feel that I am perfectly restored to good health. He removed all pain at the first operation. Medicine failed as an antidote. I felt that I was fast traveling to the grave, but am now enjoying good health. He not only cured me, but made me a better man in the process. He is a physician of wonderful cures while with us. He also perfectly cured my two children of Fever and Ague. I do not know of the Doctor making a failure while in our vicinity. I can safely recommend him to all those who are afflicted. It is impossible for me to say what the Doctor cannot cure. Give him a trial. Yours truly, ELIZABETH HAMES.

24-17

## WORKS OF HUDSON TUTTLE.

## ARCAEA OF NATURE. Vol. I.

## The Laws and History of Creation.

## THIRD EDITION.

PLAN I. To show how the Universe was evolved from chaos by established laws inherent in the constitution of matter.

II. To show how life originated on the globe, and to detail its history from its earliest dawn to the beginning of written history.

III. To show how the kingdoms, divisions, classes, and species of the living world, originated by the influence of conditions in the vicinity of the primordial elements.

IV. To show how Man originated, and to detail the history of his primitive state.

V. To show how mind originates, and is governed by fixed laws.

To prove man an immortal being, and that his physical state is controlled by as immutable laws as his physical state. Price \$1.25.

## Geschichte und Gesetze des Schöpfungsvorganges.

German Translation of the ARCAEA, by H. S. Aschenbrenner, M. D., of Bavaria. Published by Enke, Erlangen, Germany. Price \$2.50.

## ARCAEA OF NATURE. Vol. II.

## The Philosophy of Spiritual Existence, and of the Spiritual World.

A comprehensive view of the Philosophy of Spiritualism, answering the questions asked every day by the believer and the skeptic. Price \$1.25.

## BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING:

Poems by Emma and Hudson Tuttle. One of the best volumes of Spiritual Poetry. Price \$1.25.

## Photographs of SPIRIT PAINTING—SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND.

THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE: Carte de Visite, Twenty-five cents.

These works occupy the highest position in the Literature of Spiritualism. The medium author seems chosen by the invisible world as an amanuensis for their best and surest utterances. No Spiritualist can afford to do without them. The postage on any of the above works is 20 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.

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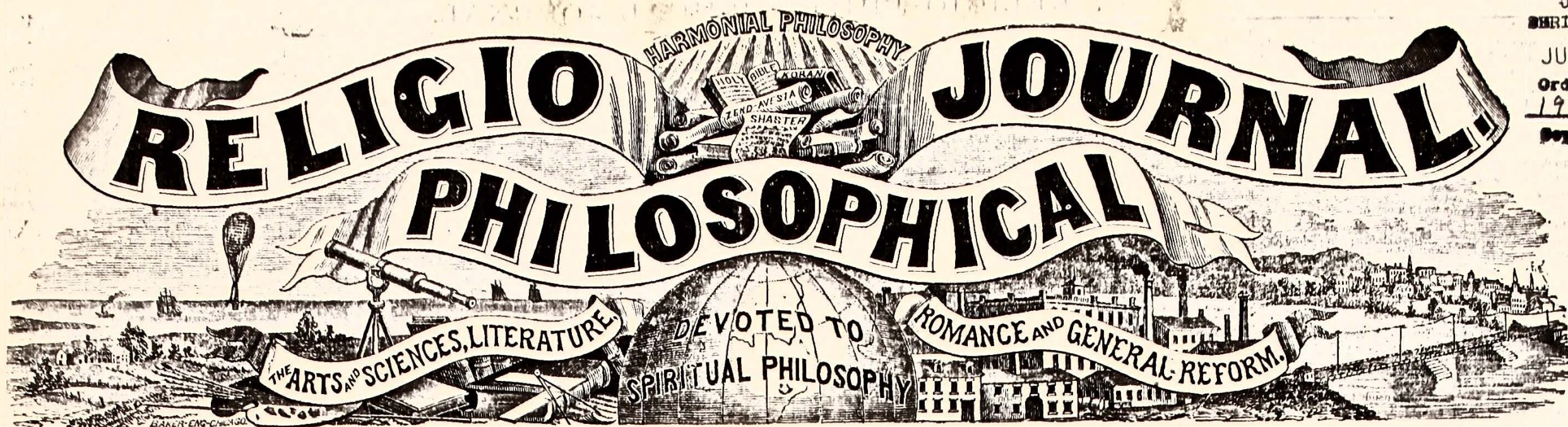
## BOARDING HOUSE.

296 State Street, Chicago.

MRS. W. A. FOSTER has opened a Boarding House for day and weekly boarders, with or without lodgings. Her accommodations are good, and she will be pleased to receive the patronage of Spiritualists and other friends visiting the city. 16-17

## THE RUBICON IS PASSED.





\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, MARCH 31, 1866.

VOL. II.—NO. 1.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**The Spirit's Reverie.**

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

After the following poem was written, I asked the spirit author for a word of explanation. He replied: "The 'song' before the creation refers to the eternity of the forces of the universe and the rhythmic harmony which governs them. The remainder refers to the eternal transmigration of atoms, the constant progression of forms, and the ultimatum of all in the immortal spirit of man, in which the subtle forces of the universe concentrate and combine."

Creation is my own. Each atomized world,  
Suns, planets and the clustered fleets of stars,  
Out of abyssal chaos fiercely hurled,  
Belong to me. And as a through the bars  
Of night I gaze into the ether deep—  
As though I trembled on a dizzy step—  
I feel a longing for my former home;  
For I have dwelt on every star of space—  
Through every fathom of abyss have flown,  
And tarried long in each new found place;  
Venus, the Earth, and dully-flaming Mars,  
And those remote planets from the sun,  
The myriad galaxies of blazing stars  
And comets which their swifter courses run.

Before the earth, I sang in measured strains:  
I was, I am, existing evermore.  
I felt the world-births in my swelling veins,  
I felt the whirling suns within my brain—  
Not theirs but mine the 'rapture and the gain.  
Ere then I was of force, but now of sense,  
Breathed in a convulsed and upheaving world,  
So have I wished to win the recompense,  
And find myself in life and soul unfurled.

Why, restless, gaze I at the stars in tears,  
And, trembling, sigh, like bird confined by bars?  
I but express my love for my companions—  
The atoms of myself, the pulsing stars.  
I own creation thus. I claim my own,  
Not manacled by flesh, nor tortured here  
By every adverse breeze a-lither blown,  
A prey to home-sickness and childish fear.  
I gaze afar, and only breathe a moan.

On each world atom have I run a course,  
To life and spirit form a primal force.

The scale, the tooth, the white and flinty bone,  
Which tell of monsters of the ages flown;  
Teeth which would tear, scales for a safe defence,  
Strong fins for flight and stronger to pursue,  
Or finless bones, like broken columns, thickly strew  
With debris of the world, the wondrous page  
Annals in rock. All these were mine,  
Not only mine, but in that early age,  
I was the fish, the saurian of the slime;  
I was the wing'd reptile of the sea,  
I was the flower which bloomed in early prime,  
I was the grass that waved upon the lea.

Arling from these forms, to which I feel  
As heavenly spirit, who, with joyful gaze,  
Its body leaving when its veins congeal,  
I love to gather from the rocky mass,  
The saurian tooth, the thick enamel scale,  
The huge Titanic bone, the stony mail;  
For once they served me, once they were my friends.  
I scorn them now, not think my being bends.  
For thence I am, what I incarnate am;  
Else I had been a force, and but a sham.  
The system we call nature, I arose  
Through all this pulsing dust, and am of all—  
The harmony of Nature, her repose,  
Her strife, her agony; her life, her pall,  
Each finds an atom in me of its own.  
The light of suns, the sea by tempest blown;  
The genial spring, the seasons which appal;  
The whirlwind's war, the zephyr's gentle moan,  
On chords responsive in my being fall.

I understand, because a part of all.  
The laws of nature are writ in my soul,  
The birth of suns, the world—life rise or fall,  
Exist in thought before in form they roll.  
I am the real, and all else are dreams—  
Substance is fleeting, and not what it seems.  
I am eternal. Shadow is the rest.  
When Alps dissolve, and worlds shall fade away,  
When suns go out, and stars no longer blaze,  
I scarcely shall have reached my primal day.

I, only I, can claim to be the Real;  
I am the type of Nature, her ideal.

An old lawyer was giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon the practice of his father's profession: "My son," said the counselor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded in justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case," my son, talk round it, talk round it."

FAIRIES.—A state fair is a queen; an agricultural fair is a farmer's daughter; a church fair is a parson's wife; an editor's fair is the best looking girl he can get hold of; a charity fair is a female pauper; and the most unpopular fair in the universe is a boarding house fare.

A gentleman having occasion to call upon an author, found him in his study, writing. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, "It is as hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied the author, "for 'tis here I make my bread."

An author, who had given a comedy into the hands of Foote for his perusal, called on him for his opinion of the piece. Foote returned the play with a grave face, saying, "Sir, depend upon it, this is a thing not to be laughed at."

A lady having remarked that she thought there should be a tax on the single state, "Yes, madam," rejoined an old bachelor, "as on other luxuries."

The following bill was lately presented to a farmer in Sussex: "To hanging two barn doors and myself seven shillings, four children and sixpence."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**ETHEREALISM.**

NUMBER EIGHT.

Each sphere has its atmosphere. There is, then, so to speak, the earth's atmosphere, the electric atmosphere, the magnetic atmosphere and the ethereal. These atmospheres are fine precisely in the ratio that there is ascent. There is fine, finer, finest, superfine. As the soul is rarified 'tis disturbed by a coarse atmosphere. Each person in each sphere has his or her atmosphere; emits or evacuates an atmosphere corresponding to the internal condition. So does each bulb; so each flower, so each grain, so each shrub. Bring two or more persons together of diverse atmospheres, and there is a perversity of feeling, an obstinacy of feeling, an angularity of action, because their atmospheres essentially differ. As the eye is fine, becomes perfect by use, this fine eye helps to an observation of the atmospheres, and there can be a classification. That atmosphere is rudimental, another electric, a third magnetic, a fourth ethereal. So of persons; in the finer conditions the atmosphere which belongs to a person is seen, its qualities noticed, the internal state thereby known. All things have form. At first one observes the snow; thinks of it as formless; but observing the flakes thereof it is perceived that they are cut into beautiful forms. So of the rains and the dews. Now if a person dwell in a quarrelsome region, where there is clawing, scratching, barking, biting, devouring, then the person being in those conditions internally throws out an atmosphere like unto the cat, tiger, bear, dog and other animals which represent these quarrelsome passions. This atmosphere may be seen by persons with a fine ethereal eye at considerable distance; and a person may bring that atmosphere into a dwelling, into a soil, or even among domestic animals, and disturb all within its reach. This same law obtains with the quiet person; the atmosphere of such in form is like the dove, the lamb, and the other animals representative of the peaceful passions. Persons bringing an unfavorable atmosphere into an apartment devoted to fine and harmonious subjects, will as certainly disturb that labor as to bring the disturbing animals. There are certain occult laws to be observed in the treatment of the finer classes. They must have fine soils, foods, garments, surroundings, else they are out of their true atmosphere. The ancient prophet with prognosticative eye saw the lion, cow, bear, leopard, kid, lie down together; saw the lion eat straw like the ox; saw a little child lead these animals, saw a condition of things when there would be no disturbance; when knowledge would be universal. When that millennial age shall have fairly dawned, then the lion and the tiger in man will have been worked up into the lamb and the dove—then the little child can lead. In this present age, this work can be commenced; and persons may with a good deal of ease work out of themselves such elements as internally they cannot work up into good. The battlefield has its uses, hunting has its uses, the race course has its uses. There are certain bad conditions which must needs be worked out of persons ere they can pass up into more electric or ethereal states. Repression or retention may be and they are useful at certain times; but evacuation, ventilation, are also useful. By and through a mental storm there is an expenditure of force; certain pent up matter is thrown off, peace and quiet succeed. When the tempest is seen, the lightning's flash, the electrical crash is heard, through that contest an electrical equilibrium is secured which otherwise could not be gained. The same law obtains when contemplating the magnetic and ethereal phases. There is what is sometimes called love sickness. One person is very strongly attracted to another. From some one or more causes, the person in love cannot have the gratification of the society of the person beloved. Hence, sickness, hence bodily, mental, social, moral or religious discontent. This want not being gratified, disease appears. A prescription is needed. The person beloved is looked at, his atmosphere inspected, and could there be gathered around the lovesick person a similar atmosphere, satisfaction would be enjoyed, health be obtained. The atmosphere is, as it were, the essence of the inner being of the person. Critically, then, 'tis not the person that is loved, but it is the atmosphere of the person. Take this lovesick person to the individual longed for, give the latter a new atmosphere, and where heaven was expected, perdition, discord, bickerings are. An acquaintance with laws atmospheric, meteorological, will help the etherologic student to understand the philosophy of domestic and other storms; and gathering a knowledge of these laws they will see the advantages which may spring from concussions; they will see that there is a state attainable where concussions, explosions cannot be; that there is a condition where persons float above them, and look down upon them with as much composure as a person standing upon Mt. Washington can witness a tempest below. These persons have reached and have come into the enjoyment of the equilibrium. They move noiselessly, speak quietly, act harmoniously, and all their demeanor exhibits to the observing eye the fact that they have reached and entered into the palace of placidity. At rest within they emit quiet to others; harmonious within they distribute harmony to others; joyful within they make others happy. This is the state to be reached by a few persons who are willing to study with sufficient patience laws ethereal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**Self-Sustaining Industrial College.**

NUMBER NINE.

There is the magnet, there the needle; bring the two within a certain distance and the magnet attracts the needle, and it moves. Out of that circle the needle is quiescent; within it it seems to have life. What is there in that substance, apparently inert, which moves that needle? The answer is it has an atmosphere—too fine to be seen by the bodily eye, nevertheless 'tis there—it attracts. There are persons who are attracted to certain forms of thought or labor. Why? Because these forms of thought or of labor have an atmosphere, and these atmospheres are of sufficient strength to excite action or desire on the part of persons. Two persons look upon each other—desire is. They are attracted to each other; in a magnetic sense they are married. A youth enters a machine shop. There is something in the atmosphere of the shop that gratifies his constructive faculties, and he is so held by its atmosphere that he must make machines. This is called bias. That word bias is an awkward term. One wants to construct another; but it were difficult to manufacture just the word for this purpose. The youth is magnetized—attracted—to that labor, becomes an excellent machinist. Another youth goes among the sick, the poor, the distressed. These emit an atmosphere—they are in want. This atmosphere in them envelopes him and his humane faculties are by labors for them gratified, and he finds as much satisfaction in these labors as the machinist in his shop. A fine person is attracted to an ethereal region. The atmosphere there attracts the ether within, and the person delights to think of ether, to talk of ether, to see ether, to feel ether, to administer ether. The person is enveloped in an ethereal atmosphere, moves there with the same delight that the humanitarian or machinist acts in his loves. So a youth sees an electric apparatus—inhales the electrical atmosphere—enveloped in that his loves are electrical. It took a Franklin to draw the spark to a kite. The young man was in his loves when reading and pondering on electrical laws. Whenever, therefore, there is a work to be done, there is somewhere a person to do that work. The person may be dwelling in the distant ethereal world. The work to be done may be in the rudimental sphere. That work being one of sufficient magnitude to throw out an atmosphere which can extend to the person dwelling in the ethereal region, that person can be attracted from the ethereal sphere to the rudimental to do a given work. Steps will that person take to reach the labor; the details will not be entered into now, but will be reserved for a distinct paper. The Nazarene was accustomed to say, "I came down from heaven to do my Father's will." But Mary was his mother. The Christian records do not describe the processes by which one who was living in the heavenly world could descend, be a babe, grow, do his work, ascend to the world from whence he came. If these things have occurred in a former age then they may and must in the cycle of ages again occur. What is has been. The Nazarene seems to have been a remarkable personage; entered into labors extraordinary; and well he might if before Abraham he was. Centuries elapsed subsequent to the birth of Abraham before the Nazarene appeared. Look but a moment at the greatness of this love, the strength of this attraction. He is living in all the life, beauty and ineffable glory of an ethereal world. Sees the rudimental world in its chaotic condition, feels its atmosphere, determines to leave the ethereal and to descend through the magnetic and electric spheres to the rudimental to do his Father's work. Was there ever love beyond this? Can the human mind place upon the canvas a finer picture? His was a life of labor springing from the deepest love. He spoke as no man in the rudimental sphere could speak. He had lived priorly in diviner worlds. All persons could not welcome him because his atmosphere was not in harmony with theirs. Sometimes the opposing atmospheres were so strong that he could not do his beautiful works. The case of the Nazarene is presented as an illustration of a principle. Many other persons in the higher spheres may have been attracted to the rudimental sphere; their souls may have dwelt in bodies fitted and prepared for their work. The subject of priority of existence, only slightly hinted at here, will on a future occasion be reopened, showing the laws which relate to population. Passing then temporarily the vein of thought here struck, it may be observed that while one may by an atmosphere below be drawn to a work in that lower sphere, so there may be persons living in the rudimental sphere who may come within the power of an atmosphere above and may ascend to that region to do a particular work. That little job which may occupy a few hundred millions of centuries may be finished, and the person who may not have lived out his full rudimental life may return and complete it. So as there are passages across the Atlantic, the passengers go back and forth. Thus there is interchange. Race after race comes and goes. A people may be suddenly swept away; in succeeding cycles of ages they may return. Dwelling on thoughts of this character the devotional mind exclaims, "Whence am I? Whither tend I? and what my end? and who is the Lord who hath given and needeth not recompense? From Him, to Him, and through Him are all things."

(To be continued.)

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That's rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**Self-Sustaining Industrial College.**

Great numbers of persons in all parts of the country are seeking to improve the present condition of society, and are convinced that it must be accomplished, if at all, by some radical change in our systems of living and of education.

The youth of all nations and countries derive but a small portion of their ideas, of their habits and modes of thought, from the public schools. The balance they receive from parents and guardians at home, from their intercourse with the world, from the examples which are passing before them day by day in the country and neighborhood in which they live; from the thoughts, precepts and maxims which are hourly dropped in their way by persons of influence and distinction.

It must therefore follow, that if the examples, traditions, ideas, maxims and honored practices of any society are intrinsically distorted, false, unwise and immoral, if they contribute to perpetuate injustice, idleness, ignorance, want, profligacy on the one hand, and penury on the other, in such a society you cannot well educate youth into that appreciation and practice of justice, generosity, temperance, industry, self-abnegation, truthfulness, purity of heart and of life, necessary to a high condition of development.

To those who reflect, nothing can be more evident than the fact that the present state of society in this country is disorderly and immoral, that there is an unjust distribution of the labors and of the comforts of life; that such is the universal scramble for property, place and power that but little choice is left but to defraud or be defrauded, to crush or be crushed, to be the upper or nether millstone of society.

All men and women seek happiness. When society shall be so organized that the poor, the just, the liberal and the good shall, by their wisdom and their virtue secure all the honors and immunities that are now bestowed upon wealth; when consuming idleness and servile labor are widely condemned, and industry and economy justly appreciated and encouraged, then and not until then, will its influence be favorable to the true morality and substantial welfare of mankind.

Before this condition can be reached society must be reorganized from its foundation. To accomplish this, every educator must be willing to do his or her share of the labors necessary to human comfort, and every pupil must recognize this duty, and be trained to the habit of performing it. In our present modes of life this duty is made laborious by extravagance and waste of labor products. By economy we can so lighten our load as to make it a blessing, and not a burden. At the same time each may have as great an abundance of all that nature demands as can be enjoyed by the richest under our present systems of living—and that too without any sacrifice of his freedom to select his avocations and his pleasures, and to pursue them according to the dictates of his own will.

When such a condition is provided by society, it no longer holds out the temptation it now presents, to bear its members onward in a scramble for wealth, in which success can only be gained by trampling justice, mercy, and all the finer and nobler feelings of humanity under foot.

Society is wrongly organized from its foundation to its turret. Under the vitiating influence of its example and its institutions, no true system of education can even be inaugurated. Whoever would work out the salvation of mankind must educate the youth of our land into the belief and practice of principles which find no illustration in the lives and maxims of that Christian civilization we find in Great Britain or in the United States.

Whoever would work out the salvation of mankind must recognize and obey the principles of eternal justice. These principles demand, of every human being, of the rich and of the poor alike, that each should in some way do as much for the benefit and blessing of the world as the world shall do for him or her, and more if possible.

It is a crime to desire to luxuriate upon the earnings of another. Regarding this great fundamental maxim of social duty, the teachers of modern Christendom "are dumb dogs, and cannot bark." Men and women must be learned to live cheaply, and to earn their living. When the science of doing this is well learned, the discharge of this duty will not be a penance; but will bring health, cheerfulness, mental vigor, contentment, hilarity, and a happiness the world has scarcely dreamed of.

The multitudes who are discerning clearly these truths are, many of them, eager to reduce them to practice—eager to "enter at once upon that course of life which shall best secure distributive justice, connect intelligence with labor, and secure the utmost economy desirable in the use of labor products," and looking for some desirable location to which they can repair for this purpose, where they can have a pleasant climate, an abundance of profitable employment, a good market for the products of labor.

Several families who are most active and earnest in this movement, have resolved to seek for a location at some point in New Jersey, on the Camden and Raritan Bay Railroad, between New York and Philadelphia. From my correspondence with various parties upon this subject, I doubt not but greater numbers could be induced to co-operate in a Self-Sustaining Industrial College in that neighborhood than in any other yet suggested.

The climate is the best in the United States, neither too cold or too hot. The soil is dry, clean,

warm, and when fertilized produces fruit of all kind in great perfection and abundance; the markets are the most convenient in America. The place may be made an attractive summer resort for those who wish to escape from the foul air of the neighboring cities. It is to be hoped that those who are satisfied with this location, and wish to co-operate in the movement, will prepare themselves to do so. All such are requested to write to the undersigned, giving particulars of age, whether single or married persons, and if the latter the number of their families, ages, etc., the amount of room desired, if any, in the Unitary Home, and whatever else may be deemed important, to be known by those who are expected to co-operate with them. Address the undersigned at No. 536 Carroll street, Chicago.

IRA PORTER.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

**The Great Battle of Armageddon, or War in the Church at Cincinnati.**

1. I, Osceola, of the tribe of Oolan, was in the spirit on the day of Purim, in the fifth year of the reign of loving kindness among the churches.

2. And I stood on the mount of the mighty, and lo! the heavens broke forth from their darkness, and a great light from the sun, and from the moon, and from the stars came down upon the world, and there was no more night.

3. And there came forth from the deep a great sound as of the rushing of mighty waters, and the earth shook with a deep tremor, for it was sorely troubled within.

4. And I looked upon the hills and upon the plains and upon the mountains, and they were covered with moving life; for all around was one unbroken sea of living things—of men, and of women, and of beasts of prey, and of beasts of burden.

5. And they moved as with the power of a mighty river, and on the mingled stream of design and curiosity, crowded into the great Temple which stood in the midst of the Queen of Cities, in the land of many tongues, known to the nation of the Oolans, as the land of Armageddon.

6. And the walls of the Temple were expanded until they encompassed the whole earth, and received the mighty hosts of the congregations who worshipped around their altar.

7. And there was stillness in the earth and in the waters which were under it. And the Temple stretched forth its hand towards heaven and thanked God that its worshippers were not like other men. And all the congregation said, Amen.

8. Then came there forth from its sanctuary, or holy of holies, which stood behind the altar, a great giant, clothed in rich cloth and fine linen. And he knelt down before the congregation and said, "Blessed be Thou, oh! Prince of Peace, and of meekness of temper, who hath seen our worthiness and exalted us above all other people. To Thee be honor and glory for Thy great discernment, forever and ever, Amen." And while he prayed there went forth from his mouth a stream of soft light, and it spread over all the congregation who worshipped around the altar; and they received it with great joy, and hailed it as the soft dawn of Christian piety, sent forth, through the medium of much faith, to redeem and to regenerate the world of fallen nature.

9. And he prayed with great fervor, and said, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." And all the congregation again said Amen; for there was peace and quiet and loveliness in all their ways and in all their demeanors.

10. But, lo! when he who prayed had ended his prayers, and the congregation had risen from its kneelings, there came up a great confusion of spirit, and I then saw that all were not of one mind; for there were many signs of contention.

11. Then he who prayed announced to the congregation that other requisitions, relating to its secular powers, were then to be made upon it. And when he had done so, I saw that many faces that were calm grew stormy, and eyes that were soft and lovely sent forth streams of burning fire; for there were anticipations of a great and irrepressible conflict impending over them.

12. Then I feared and trembled, for the lightnings of wrath flashed all around me; but a voice came to my ears from the clouds, saying, "Fear not, for beneath the smooth surface of the sea boils the molten lava; fear not, for the tremor which has long been gathering in Armageddon will now burst and discharge its matter, and thou shalt see that all is not gold that glitters."

13. "Then," said the giant, "new Judges shall thou now choose to preside over the Temple." And when he had spoken another giant arose, and said, "Preside thou over the voting." But, lo! another great giant, even more powerful than either of the others, then also arose from the congregation, and said, "No; for it is written that 'he who weareth the black exterior, with white upon the halter, shall not preside when the congregation sitteth upon its own councils.'"

14. And lo! then the veil of piety dissolved into thin air, and the great assembly broke forth into a tumult, wild and furious. And many great giants rushed upon him who had thus spoken in opposition to the giant in black. And many women were transformed in their natures, and they rushed on to

\* On the top of the steeple of the First Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati there is the figure of a human hand, or stuffed glove, pointing up towards heaven.



the center of strife, with the war cry of battle in their mouths, and like booted warriors they stamped upon the floor and proclaimed that numbers were power, and power dominion, and that while they directed the horns of the altar, "no d—d— (bless us, goodness, for we don't swear,) shall be heard in the Temple."

15. And the storm grew loud and furious until it shook the Temple from its base to its summit, and caused many to fear for the safety of their own persons.

16. And there came forth a cry of alarm, saying, "lo! the Temple is falling;" and it struck terror into the souls of the combatants; and they recoiled from their fury, and for a time there was again stillness in the Temple.

17. Then I looked again to the center, and lo! he who had risen to oppose the giant in black, was still in his place upon the floor, proclaiming his right to be heard in the Temple. And, as he spoke, I saw that many gathered around him, and said, "God speed thee, for thou art truthful and thy ends are worthy."

18. But when the shock, caused by fear of the Temple falling, had subsided, there came forth new cries and groans and hisses, even more furious than those which had gone before. And all the supporters of the giant in black, male and female, rushed in for battle; and there were forces organized against them, and when they met the shock was terrific, and it shook the world to its center.

19. And the conflict stretched to all the walls of the Temple, which encompassed the whole earth. And all the numbers of the hosts—beaten warriors and Amazons—fought hand to hand; and there was a great slaughter, and a great noise of shrieks and cries and denunciations; for it was the greatest of battles. Yet in the majesty of supernatural might, and the sweet unity of brotherly love, there rose on the bosom of the air, far above the clash of arms and the rattle of tongues, and the roar of explosions, the symphonious sounds, sweetly, though furiously uttered, from the opposing ranks, of "Copperhead" and "Tory."

20. And the battle was long and terrific, and the air was filled with flying plumes and ribbons, such as no warrior had ever before seen in all the world of battles. And crinoline rolled wildly on the floor, and over pews and chairs and benches; and there were fearful indications of many grievous exposures, for many pretty toes were pointed high upwards towards the top of the Temple, when I, Osceola, turned from the strife to see if the sun had yet dropped into his wigwag behind the Western mountains.

21. And I looked again upon the scene of war; and lo! all the combatants lay prostrate upon the floor of the Temple, for some were slain—were dead or dying—and others were overcome with fatigue and exhaustion; and those who lived panted for breath and for restoration.

22. And when they had recovered and were again able to lift themselves from the dust, in which they had done great battle, they rose up, and with their faces dark and bruised and bleeding, and their hair disheveled, and their clothes torn into many tatters, they turned towards the altar and again knelt, as they had before knelt, in silence around it. And eyes torn from their sockets, lay like marbles on the floor, as marbles lie when boys do play with marbles.

23. And I saw the earth open in the distance, and there came forth a mighty dragon, and on his sides and his head and his tail were written in great letters the words, "Love and Union." And he ate up the dead of the battle and they were all healed in his belly.

24. And when he had eaten, and was gorged with fulness, he rolled away, and the doors and the windows of the Temple were opened; and there came forth a great wind from the ocean and it blew away all the debris of the battle.

25. And he who had prayed, again prayed, though his eyes were dark, and his hands red, and his salient sorely shattered. And when he had prayed he gave forth a hymn of many words, and he sang, and all the congregation sang with him. And they sang:

"How happy are they who their Saviour obey, and have laid up a treasure above.  
Tongue cannot express the sweet comforts and peace, of a soul in its earliest love."

26. And I saw that the wounded suppressed their pains, and strove to be happy in their devotions. And I looked upwards, and on the pinnacle of the altar, I saw a youth of waggish demeanor, who had crawled up while the congregation knelt and prayed. And he danced, and sang, and laughed, and giggled, and with one foot turned upwards and with a thumb upon his nose and his fingers extended, he sang, "Rip, burroo for Lannigan's ball." And while I still looked, the congregation all turned away, each to his own home, in respectful submission to the Prince of Peace, the great object of all their love and adoration. And lo! the voice which had come to me from the clouds, again spake and said, "Thus endeth the second day—for the first thou hast not yet seen—the great battle of Armageddon."

#### Letter from Maquon.

DEAR JOURNAL: We, the friends of truth and progress have organized under the following conditions. A Mr. Corney, from Galesburg, a minister of the Universalist church, has been preaching here occasionally for two or three years. His hearers have been principally Spiritualists. We had no suitable place for meeting. Mr. Corney and his friends propose uniting with the Spiritualists in building a house for services, and these declarations and articles are the result of the fusion of the two factions. I don't see that there is any sentiment expressed that Spiritualists cannot subscribe to, and Mr. Corney says there is nothing in them that he cannot subscribe to.

The house is to be occupied an equal portion of the time by the two Societies, and for other moral purposes when not occupied by the above named associations.

The following is our form of organization. The undersigned believe in the universal pater, pty and brotherhood of man, and being desirous of aiding to elevate and unfold the minds of mankind to a due appreciation of the attributes of Duty and the relationship we sustain to Him and each other, do, the better to effect this object, unite ourselves into a Society by the name and style of "The First Liberal Society of Maquon."

And for the better execution of the will of said Society, it is provided that it shall, each and every year, on the first Sunday in March, or as soon thereafter as convenient, elect from its members five trustees, a clerk and a treasurer. Said trustees shall be styled the trustees of "The First Liberal Society, of Maquon," the duty of which officers it shall be to execute and perform the usual functions of like officers in other organized bodies, and especially the following duties, to wit:

It shall be the duty of the Trustees to appoint one from their number as President of the Board, who shall act also as President *ex-officio* of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Clerk to keep an accurate account of all official transactions of the Society, and such other duties as usually appertain to similar officers.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all monies belonging to the Society, and keep a correct account thereof, and pay the same out at the order of the President under the direction of the Society or the Board of Trustees.

A majority vote of the members present at all regularly called meetings of this Society, when it does not contravene these articles, shall govern. We enjoy your JOURNAL, and appreciate it highly.

Yours respectfully,  
Maquon, Ill., March 5, 1866. M. H. McG.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

##### Lines.

Written on beholding the Spirit Portrait of the wife of W. M. Williams, of Providence, R. I., painted by the Spirit Artist, N. B. Starr, Cincinnati, Ohio, Elsie Brooke, medium.

In the calm and the hush of the twilight,  
As it falls, like a maiden's pure prayer,  
O'er valley and woodland, and streamlet,  
And pierces with fragrance the air;

Sweet as a rivulet singing,  
With silvery voice to the flowers,  
Which bloom with rose fragrance and beauty  
In the shadows of emerald bowers;

As the moonbeam's soft glance on the water,  
As the sighing of zephyrs at eve,  
As they whisper love tokens to flow'rets,  
And fill with cool fragrance the breeze,

Around thy sweet face is glowing  
A look of ineffable love,  
The emblem of angelic beauty,  
Which is worn by the seraphs above.

No shadow of sorrow or trouble  
Breaks its calmness, its hush or control;  
Nor the sin storms of poor earthly mortals  
Mar the calm and the peace of the soul.

How the spirit embodies each feature,  
How it beams in the clear, trusting eye,  
How the mouth curves with lines of rare beauty,  
Where the pure and the beautiful lie.

Upward, the eyes seem to utter,  
Up and away to the light;  
Oh, onward on spirit wings bear me  
To the land now hid from my sight.

#### MESSAGE TO W. M. W.

Oh, dear one, how blest is my spirit,  
I ever and always am near;  
To bring thee notes of fond gladness,  
And words of comfort and cheer.

Oh, dear one, I wait for thee ever,  
Close by the portals of day,  
And I wait with a deep-trusting spirit,  
The advent and coming of May.

Not long, oh, not long, and thy dear eyes  
Into mine shall gaze fondly and long;  
Not long ere our voices shall mingle  
In the notes of immortal song.

No, it is not very far distant;  
Till then I wait fondly for thee,  
And I'll hang, dear one, over the sea,  
When thy barque comes over the sea.

Cincinnati, Ohio, January 30, 1866.

#### From our Regular New Orleans Correspondent, P. B. Randolph—No. 9.

DEAR JOURNAL: New Orleans is a fast village, with considerable land to the acre, if not more so. Its climate is rapidly changing, owing to the presence of so many people from the North perhaps; at all events to-day is as cold as I have experienced in years, fire is at a premium and red noses no novelty. We have our sights and sounds here as well as you up West, and it was only last week that they had a rare snow down at the parish jail, where a negro danced death's hornpipe on empty air for a detestable crime, truly; though after all hanging did the poor brute more good than harm, for he died without a struggle, and to-day is quite delighted to find out that he not only had a safe jail delivery, but is scot free, both of hell and the devil. We are having a visit from General Scott, our theatres are in full blast, especially on Sunday night; business is brisk, so is treason, and we are as happy as circumstances will permit, but not so happy as we might have been but for that headstrong Grant, who must go and spoil the fun by bagging the Confederate army, Lee and all.

To-day I have been working hard among bricks and dirt, whitewash and sponges, in the almost vain endeavor to get my school in order—a new one, called after the commissioner of freedmen for this State—the General Baird School. We must work, nearly 300 of us teachers, and we do work, albeit we have not been paid since we got our August salaries. Yet we labor on, growl a little, suffer a good deal, love much, and hope more. This is the field of heroism, uncomplaining, but positive for all that. We are all deeply in debt for the bread we have eaten, and must remain so until Gens. Howard and Baird, and Capt. Pease—three nobler souls than whom earth does not sustain to-day—shall have thundered the story of these children and their teachers' needs into the ears of Congress. Till then we will suffer and be strong in our unflinching trust in "Him who doeth all things well." In the meantime I am sorry to inform you that not a single response from all the world has come to my appeal which you so kindly placed before your army of readers. It now looks as if I shall soon have to abandon the school I manage, and take the field, as Peter the Hermit, lecturing for it. We must have at least one good, large school for colored children in this city; and believing that the hearts of the people can best be reached through their ears, I hope to make the tour of the West. I shall have a long repertoire to select subjects from, and even now would be glad to receive encouragement to visit places in your part of the country. All letters or gifts may be sent, Care of Bureau of Education for Freedmen, New Orleans. We must have schools, and schools need books and materials to work the problem of civilization to a triumphant conclusion.

Ere long I will give you one of the most thrilling instances of Vodou rascality you ever put eyes upon. Meantime I am going to take a short trip to cloudland, and desire you to bear me company.

Imprints then: Did you ever believe in the vicarious atonement? Well, I do, but not as the term is generally understood. I really haven't as good a memory as Brother Wilson, and can't say what my mother either said or did three days before I was born, as he does. But I do feel at times that I have had a conscious existence—that I knew, felt, suffered, ages before I became incarnate in the breast of Flora Randolph. This sense of pre-existence is

one of the strongest in my nature. For twenty-five years I have had an invincible conviction of a former state of being, extending through whole epochs of time. The notion is laughed down in these days, as either a figment of fancy, flashy clairvoyance, or a philosophical absurdity. As to the first objection, allow me to say, that the millions who have, and other millions who still believe in pre-existence, show that it is not a figment, but must be based upon something far more solid and enduring. If there is an embodied human being that knows practically more about the operations of the sixth human sense or clairvoyance, than myself, God help him or her, for I know what they must have suffered—the fearful price at which the costly thing has been bought; and this sense of former being comes ever as a memory, not as a gleam of light flashing white fire athwart the continent of eternity and time.

A philosophical absurdity promulgated so long as this has been would have been worn out long ago; it would have died when Pythagoras did; would have crumbled when Rosicrucianism fell to earth. But instead of this the notion is stronger than ever, more widely accepted. But I do not affirm it as a truth, but am going to cite an experience of recent date, and thus show you what I am driving at—viz: the vicarious atonement.

#### THE FORTIME.

Twenty odd years ago I distinctly remember having revisited from this present, another world, and that other a physical globe quite unlike the earth we live on. I was in a palace, magnificent and grand, yet totally unlike anything here. There were hundreds who knew me, but knew me as the spirit of one of their own kin. They asked me how I liked my new body, the globe I lived on, the people, whether they had the same God as themselves, and if I thought I should escape further punishment after my career on the globe my body was on, had been run? Much more they asked me, and I learned there and then a truth I shall retain forever. That all the agony we undergo on this earth and others, is vicarious in a triple sense. 1st: By reason of the entailment of mental and moral and physical disease from the immediate physical progenitors. 2d: By reason of one's own sins—for whatever wrong is done in one state must be atoned for in another. (The abuse of this grand truth has created some thousands of painful hells.) 3d: Every being on that globe was bound to every other being on it and to all who ever were on it, by the great sympathy ever subsisting between assimilated natures; hence all disturbances there find their echo and agony here. Now this will do for a preface. The point aimed at is simply this: It seemed that before I left that world by the bridge of death, I had loved and was loved by a woman, not fair but dark, named, I distinctly remember her name—YUDA. She was loved by another more powerful in subtlety than myself, and we fought for her, and he fell by my hand in honorable combat with clubs. The fellow had lots of brains, for I saw them; albeit the woman was not worth fighting for, as I will show you by and by, ere I finish this chapter on esoteric psychology.

I say she wasn't worth fighting for, but I didn't find that out till forty thousand years afterwards, viz: three weeks ago. After the battle I claimed my bride. We were married by permit, for there are no ministers in that country, nor lawyers, nor justices, hence I have never believed in that kind of gentry to this day. Early impressions last long, you see. Well, I started home with her, swelling considerably, if not more so, at the prospect before or rather beside me, and smiling blandly at the neat manner in which I had coiled my gentleman's goose, or rather played an ace of clubs to his Jack, thereby winning the trick, and raking down YUDA. But my glee was of short duration, for long before I got home I was on the road to heaven, having been done brown by a savage tribe of scoundrels who waylaid me, left me in an exceedingly mangled condition, ran off with Yuda, left me alone on the highway, and this brings me to the

#### NEAR TIME.

Not three weeks ago I saw the exact image of Yuda—as pretty a little brunette as you ever saw. In my yow she was the very image of the original of this dream, or whatever else you choose to call it; and the effect of her presence was terrible, for it always makes me feel as if clubs were trumps, when I had much rather they were hearts or diamonds. Her name even resembled the visions of Eudore, and as in the vision, so now in the reality, there was a big Inglin from Africa in the way—for which reason I propose to wait another trifle of 40,000 years before I take steps to circumvent that club-swinging individual. Now comes the strangest part of this actual psychical experience. Really there is no assimilation between us. We are separated by an eternity—diverse natures and development—and yet the casual acquaintance with her has replunged me into the depths of transcendental seership, as in the days of 1853-4. In the night both these souls go out upon the wings of the Ether; and thence I bring back the materials for future building, with tongue and pen. In these excursions there is no mere seeing and hearing of the soul, but a clairvoyance within a clairvoyance, that brings distant constellations near. There is no heart, no affection, no soul feeling whatever between us, and yet without the strange intrusion I should have gone to the grave a stranger to some of the sublimest truths I ever conceived to be possible. Can any of your readers give me a key to unlock this singular mystery. My theory is that the suffering I have had to endure has been mainly vicarious, and conversely the new vision is the proximal result to corresponding attitudes. If this be so, then where does personal power and destiny begin or leave off? How much of what we do, say, think, feel, suffer, and how much the culminating point of some preceding condition, ages ago in the realms of matter or spirit, or both?

This question regarding the soul and its genesis and nature, is yet fallow ground, which deserves good plowing. No man can convince me that I began to be when my body did. There is something that tells me we were before the globe was, and that we will be when this globe wears out, and its ashes fall into the abyss. How strange it is that we do not probe these deeper questions more often than we do. It seems impossible to accept the notion that we originate here. If I begin here, logic says I must end somewhere, for which reason I incline to the idea of man's eternity—or that his is a place on an island (Time) with one awful sea already crossed behind him, and another right ahead. Of course I dissent these thoughts of all religious dress, and put them in familiar raiment.

What, is Spirit? Matter? God? Man? are convertible questions, and we must make an effort to answer them. "But a man can't understand himself!" If we cannot, there are myriads who have been ages in the upper worlds who can, and ought, and will, if we ask them of. Will not the friends of science at different points prepare a hundred

questions, and seek for the proper answers, publishing the results in the JOURNAL? I hope the suggestion will be carried out; and among others, do not forget that of pre-existence, nor the one concerning the soul's origin. Thus we can get at much valuable information, at least so it seems to me.  
New Orleans. P. B. R.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

##### Reply of Anti-Monarchist to J. B. Clifton.

EDITORS OF THE JOURNAL: In No. 24 of your paper a communication is inserted from J. B. Clifton, in reply to mine, published in No. 21. The cause of truth and the frankness of the writer of that communication, seem to demand a response from me; consequently, I ask further indulgence in the use of your columns. In his article, Mr. Clifton takes a wide range; therefore, if I treat it with proper courtesy, I shall be under the necessity of asking more space than I would have cared to occupy in your useful JOURNAL.

It is my intention that my reply shall manifest no less the spirit of candor and fairness than does his communication. I shall not take up his article by paragraphs in the order in which they stand; yet I shall endeavor to avoid unjust divisions, and all distortions and perversions of Mr. C.'s meaning. If I should chance to fall into an error in either of these respects, I trust he will do me the kindness to set me right in the matter.

In all discussions through a public vehicle of thought, which takes the high moral ground that is taken by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, any, and every, sophistical argument therein introduced, cannot be viewed by either its editors or readers as otherwise than intrusive, to say the least. Hence I hope that neither myself nor Mr. Clifton will be so unfortunate as to fall into the error of introducing before them any such fallacies; but, on the contrary, each will adduce only principles and simple facts, and that we shall comprehend and abide the determination of logical deductions and their sequences, even to their extreme termination. By so doing it is but reasonable to infer that the discussion will prove profitable to ourselves, and, perhaps, not without benefit to a portion of the readers of the JOURNAL. If conducted in other manner, it may be relied on, to a surety, that our labors will prove worse than futile.

In his first paragraph Mr. C. uses these words: "I am charged with a desire to repudiate the government indebtedness, to establish a monarchy, etc." If Mr. C. will again read my communication, and more attentively—observe its language a little more closely—he will perceive that I do not so accuse him. He will see that I there argue that the logical deductions and the legal inference which others will draw from his premises is "repudiation of the government indebtedness."

Although in the former communication I did not enter lengthily into the argument, what I did say were deductions from Mr. C.'s own premises, and the purport of it was, if the government indebtedness had been assumed without constitutional authority for the acts, the indebtedness of government was of no binding effect on any community, association, or individual, except those who presumed to create it. I considered this deductive and conclusive from his premises—so conclusive and obvious that I did not think it was necessary to offer any evidence at all, in support of the argument. If further evidence is required substantiative of the truthfulness of my position, I will barely refer to the nature of that law alluded to by Mr. C. in his sixth paragraph, namely, "retrospective law." He states explicitly, and states truly, too, that retrospective law is no law; it is both unconstitutional and illegal, and "that every country lawyer so understands it."

In his third paragraph Mr. C. takes this early opportunity to disavow his being a Secessionist, a Monarchist, or a Repudiator, and denies that he ever has been either. Of these matters I know nothing aside from what he has revealed to me through his communications which have appeared in the columns of the JOURNAL.

In his last paragraph he offers the most convincing testimony substantiative of his declaration that he is not a Repudiator. He says: "The writer holds quite as many government bonds as he (Anti-Monarchist) does." I admit the truth of this last assertion, that is, if he can count only hundreds so invested. However much I may have desired to have been a holder of these untaxable securities, circumstances have not supplied me with a sufficient quantity of greenbacks to enable me to make much show in the purchasing of "government bonds." Hence, in the matter of these bonds, Mr. C. seems to have the better of me, if holding a large number of the bonds is better than comparative freedom from the burdens of accumulated thousands. From the testimony adduced all must admit that Mr. Clifton is not a Repudiator of "government indebtedness."

As evidence of his not being a Secessionist Mr. C. gives in testimony the fact that he "put in four years of the war for the defence of the Union." Admit his statement, and still it is not conclusive evidence to the minds of large numbers of the people of the Northern States, even, that he is not a Secessionist, in fact; and there are many persons who are such, unwittingly so to themselves. In order to ascertain whether this is so in Mr. C.'s case, his communications, already published in the JOURNAL, I shall call up and examine, and judge him thereby—out of his own mouth should he be condemned, if condemned at all.

In his last paragraph Mr. C. says he "pays cheerfully quite as heavy a tax as Anti-Monarchist does." I will here say but little in reply to this declaration, but will remark that no man pays a heavy tax on "government bonds;" the more of these a man possesses the lighter, comparatively, is the tax which he pays for the support of lawful government. While money, its representatives and securities for the payment of money, are subject to taxation to the tune of anywhere from one to ten, and even more per cent., "government bonds" are subject to taxation to a fractional part of one per cent. only.

Since the editor of the JOURNAL has decided that "governmental matters" are proper subjects for discussion in the columns of his paper, and Mr. Clifton thinks that discussing politics is preferable to "psalm singing" (see his eleventh paragraph), and that "good government" is that which "is best calculated to elevate and benefit mankind," no apology will be required of me for stating that I now feel inclined to take up and examine, in some future number of the JOURNAL, that law of Congress which prohibits the taxing of "government bonds" for any purpose whatever, except for revenue to the general government, by way of the income tax, and barely nominal for that, and there expose to common comprehension the injustice of the workings of that law.

As to Mr. C.'s disclaimer of having been and now being a Monarchist, this is of the same nature as his disclaimer of having been a Secessionist, and,

like that, is a proper question for examination. I would not intimate that Mr. C. advocated a one-man power, but it is inferior despotism that he is asking. But before entering further into the examination of this question I will pay a passing notice to the interrogatories which Mr. C. puts to me in his ninth paragraph. They are as follows: "Are the Southern States, as judged by the Constitution, in or out of the Union? Are they States or Territories? Is Mr. Johnson or the radical party on the side of the Constitution?" These questions start new issues, and I most respectfully decline to turn aside to answer them before those first raised are examined. When the old ones are sufficiently elucidated and disposed of, it will then be soon enough to take up and argue others. I now feel that I shall not then have any serious objections to answering Mr. C.'s questions.

It is in order, and now is the proper time to define what constitutes a Secessionist—what is requisite in a man to place him in that category. There are many kinds of Secessionists. First, I would mention that kind which maintains and advocates the doctrine that, in their organized capacity, the majority of the people of each of the States which were united under the "Constitution of the United States," possess the lawful authority to withdraw at pleasure, from the union created by that governmental compact, league, or bond of union. I would next mention that kind of Secessionist which maintains and advocates the doctrine that the people of one generation cannot, by league or bond, nor by any kind of agreement whatever, lawfully bind the people of a subsequent generation. There is still a third kind of Secessionist which maintains that each individual possesses the lawful right, because inherent, to withdraw at pleasure, from any and all governments which are extended over him, provided, however, that he does not deprave upon the rights of others, whenever it may seem to him that the government over him infringes his inalienable rights, and is destructive of human happiness. There is a fourth kind of Secessionist which maintains that one portion of a given community, constituted of different members, having lived together under a written Constitution which granted to the common government no authority to coerce any member of the confederated Union, possesses rightful authority to throw aside the bond of union and organize measures and use means unknown to their common Constitution to coerce the other portion of that community into subjection to its will and authority. It is to this latter class of Secessionists that Mr. Clifton belongs, if I understand correctly the language of his communications which were published, one in No. 18, and the other in No. 24, of the JOURNAL.

The ignoring of the Constitution as a guide in the conducting of governmental affairs and adopting rules antagonistic to the Constitution is secession from the government under it, and from the Union created by it. According to Mr. C. this was done by the successful party to the late contest, and he emphatically endorses the measures adopted and the action of that party. In the first paragraph of his article, published in No. 18 of the JOURNAL, Mr. C. says that the government "had been working four years outside of the Constitution and that it was virtually dead." The same sentiment is carried through his entire article published in No. 24.

In the sixth paragraph of his last communication Mr. Clifton explicitly endorses, as before said, the action of those who wielded the power of the Northern portion of the once confederated States; and after this portion of the American community, by unconstitutional means and measures, had attained the objects for which it strove, the subjugation to its will of the Southern portion of the community, Mr. C. says, in the sixth paragraph of his last article, "now that it (the subjugation of the Southern members of the Confederacy,) is accomplished, I would have the Constitution or some Constitution to cover the case."

The legal interpretation of the foregoing language of Mr. C. is, he now would have the successful party to the late contest no longer govern outside of a constitutional government, but have it return to a government having a Constitution—adopt a Constitution which the ruling party had not "out-grown." Is any further evidence than these given statements of his needed to prove that Mr. C. is greatly mistaken when he says that he is not, nor ever was, a Secessionist? Is any extraneous testimony needed to prove that that is seceded from which is cast aside, and has been trampled under foot for "four years" and more? The ignominy of the Constitution, setting it aside as a guide in governmental proceedings, is seceding from the union created by it; also it annihilates and supplants the lawful government under it; all governmental acts performed without having a constitutional sanction, are acts of disloyalty to the Constitutional Union and to the government of which the Constitution is the acknowledged basis.

A few words about Mr. C.'s being an advocate for despotic government. As was said above, I have not, nor do I now allege, that he is an advocate for an hereditary one-man power to rule over the people of the American States, but this I do state—that there can be but one logical and legal interpretation given to the language of Mr. C.'s two communications on which I have commented, and that interpretation is this: he is in favor of and advocates the erection of a majority despotism, to be erected without constitutional authority, and on the ruins of that government seceded from by that majority which he would have erect the new and consolidated government. By the language of his articles Mr. C. advocates the adopting of a new Constitution which would be antagonistic to the old one, and against which proceeding a portion of the citizens of the old Union protest, and ever will protest. They regard the old Constitution as a good one, and a living one, too. They also claim the protectingegis of its stipulations against the aggressive acts of that majority which have seceded from the Constitutional Union, ignored the Confederate bond, and instituted and operated a governmental power "outside" of the government of common consent.

#### ANTI-MONARCHIST.

DEAR JOURNAL: I should not like to be left out in the cold without the cheering influence of your JOURNAL. I think a great deal of it. I think you ought to speak loud and often in behalf of the working classes. That is as regards the hours of labor. What time think you a man can have who walks a mile to his labor, works hard ten hours, walks back home at night, weary in mind and body? How can such a man attend lectures, or even study or think, or take up a paper to read, with pleasure. All he can do is to eat his supper, perform any little work to be done about home, and then go to bed to recruit for the next day. So on to the end of the chapter. Let us hear what is doing about the educational reform movement. I think much about it, and hope it is going on.

Yours for truth,  
Wm. WESTERMAN

Madison, Wis., March, 1866.



Include as a new unit, *Walden* by Henry David Thoreau, 1854, 30



to guide yourself and your entire Cabinet of advisers, in the path of true wisdom.

With my best wishes for your health, happiness and eminent success in administering the affairs of your responsible station,

I subscribe myself your Devoted Friend,  
A. LINCOLN.  
Copied and sent to President Johnson, November 30, 1865.

#### Extracts from Letters.

DEAR JOURNAL: I want to say a word in relation to the necessity of having a course of lectures delivered here by some able advocate of the Harmonial Philosophy.

Prairie du Chien has never, I am told, been visited by any lecturer up to date; and the time has fully come for this people to have an opportunity to hear "the Gospel of glad tidings" proclaimed. Who will respond to the call? A hall will be secured, lighted and warmed, and all expenses during the stay of such lecturer paid, and a liberal sum for the time spent in our midst.

Please address for further particulars, David McIntire or Mr. C. Standard, of the Mansion House.

Many copies of the JOURNAL would be subscribed for at once if the people could have the benefit of a course of lectures.

Yours,  
A. C. BILLINGS.

Prairie du Chien, Wis., March 9, 1866.

FRIEND JONES: We have just organized a Philosophical Association, with seventy members. We use the constitution and by-laws published in your JOURNAL of January 20th. We have now a religious society without a creed; and we hope to have no use for a faith in a totally depraved human nature, an angry God, a vicarious Atonement, a local hell, and a seven horned devil. We now wish to purchase a library of liberal books for the Association.

We hope to receive calls from lecturers, who will be most warmly welcomed.

The officers of the Religio-Philosophical Society at this place consist of Ira S. Haseltine, President; H. A. Eastland, Vice President; D. E. Pease, Secretary.

Very respectfully yours,

Ira S. Haseltine.

Richland Center, Wis., March 12, 1866.

S. S. JONES—Dear Brother: I have just received a package of the JOURNAL for this week—a week in advance of its date. So then, you reverse the order of things, and drive time, instead of letting time drive you? This shows conclusively to my mind that the JOURNAL is in a prosperous condition. I think we will demonstrate from this locality that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is appreciated, not by words alone, but by the substantial greenbacks. Mrs. Thompson is getting subscribers in the neighboring villages, while I am crowding matters in my daily intercourse with all sorts of people about town; but depend mostly on our meetings to give circulation to the paper. Nellie Wiltie not being able to meet her engagement with us for March, disappointed our calculations. With an audience of five hundred anxious inquirers, and two Sundays with no speaker to dispense the bread of life to the hungry and thirsty multitude, is anything but agreeable to one whose heart and soul is in this work. We must learn to be patient under all sorts of trials and afflictions, as they almost invariably ultimate in some unexpected good. I am happy to say we have secured the services of Miss Nettie Colburn for the remaining two Sabbaths of this month. Miss Colburn is a trance speaker and comes highly recommended.

It pleases me to hear the public disabused as far as possible in regard to the biography and closing scenes in the life of Dr. Hughes. Because he was true to himself, and uttered his honest sentiments, old Orthodoxy boils over with all the bitterness, vituperation and lies it is capable of raking up against an unfortunate and erring human being. Had he even embraced Catholicism, these good people would have been quiet. But to turn Spiritualist was too much for old theology to bear, and hence the seven vials of wrath were opened, and if there had been seven times seven they would all have been poured on the head of him who could weigh and measure their plans of salvation, and show their impotency and folly when applied to a case like his.

Hughes did not partake of the rite of extreme unction, as stated. That was a mistake.

I remain truly yours,

Cleveland, O., March, 1866.

D. A. EDDY.

DEAR JOURNAL: Miss A. P. Mudgett, inspirational and trance speaker from Boston, Mass., is with us now, and has given great satisfaction. She lectures upon many subjects drawn from the spiritual philosophy. We would recommend her to the Spiritualists of Wisconsin, as she is prepared to answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Her address is Fond du Lac, Wis., care Mr. George Gates.

Yours,

J. H. SPENCER.

Fond du Lac, Wis., March 12, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: I have just been reading J. B. Clifton's ideas in regard to the Constitution. I feel sure that the people will eventually find the only way to get rid of the everlasting amendment business is to make a new one altogether. It is just as necessary to form a new one now as it was for our revolutionary fathers to make the one we now have. Let us agitate the subject until the spirit of liberty shall be carried out in full, without regard to sex or color. An intelligent old man of eighty-seven winters says, "The women are petitioning Congress to make them equal with the negro, when he votes." He thinks the negro should not vote, but if either do let the women be the ones, "for," said he, "the Government is so corrupt that I don't know as it can be worse." A sad commentary on the age.

Keep Henry C. Wright's theological convention before the people, for it is Godology.

Yours,

Marengo, Ill.

KATE PARKER.

BRO. JONES: I am happy in our new, soul-inspiring philosophy. We are working for the upbuilding of ourselves in noble words and work. My early days were devoted to mythology. As a Methodist, preached and attended revivals for several years. The first circle I ever attended, the unseen powers of the angel world moved my soul to listen to the gentle language of Nature. I am doing all in my power to teach in words and actions our Gospel.

I will try and obtain more names for your paper. We must have a center here in the West. Chicago is the most suitable location.

Yours for truth,

S. A. KELLEY.

Des Moines, Iowa, March 13, 1866.

## Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, MARCH 31, 1866.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

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GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

#### To Postmasters.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain POST OFFICE OF EACH \$3.00 SUBSCRIPTION, AND TWENTY CENTS OF EACH \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

#### To Our Patrons.

Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to George H. Jones, Sec'y. In changing the direction, the old as well as the new address should be given.

In renewing subscriptions the date of expiration should be given. On subscribing for the JOURNAL, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first number of the current volume, and back numbers will be sent accordingly.

#### To Our Subscribers.

We appeal to our present subscribers to exert themselves to extend the circulation of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. You know its worth, and by this time must feel that it is a paper not only worthy of patronage, but financially sound, and that subscribers will be sure to get the paper for the full length of time for which they subscribe.

As an inducement for a renewed effort in our behalf, we make the following offer: Every old subscriber who will send us the name of a new subscriber, full paid, \$3.00, for one year, shall receive K. Graves' BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN, or Emma Hardinge's volume of Lectures on "Theology and Nature," with a fine steel engraving of the author, free, by return mail. Here is an inducement for all subscribers to do a good thing for themselves as well as for us and the cause of Spiritualism.

#### Can Spirits Pass Through Gross Matter?

Our friend A. J. Davis startled the Spiritualists and other thinkers, many years ago, by asserting the negative of this proposition, and declaring that when a spirit desired to come into a room with him he always opened a door or window for its entrance.

He also mentioned a case, which we quote from memory, where he saw in clairvoyant vision a man who had been buried or placed in a vault while still alive, and the door was closed before the death or separation of the spirit from the body had taken place. A few hours afterwards, when this process had occurred, the new-born spirit found itself imprisoned within that vault.

He saw also that one of the guardian spirits of this imprisoned soul, impressed the sexton, who had mislaid a shovel, to go and look for it in the vault, and when he opened the door for this purpose the spirit passed out.

In May, 1856, we put the question which heads this article to Rev. Thos. L. Harris, and a spirit friend gave the following answer, through him: "There are laws governing these things. So long as the most material of the so-called magnetic fluids are retained about the proper spiritual form, the spirit cannot pass through any substance which magnetism cannot pass through. It is only when a spirit is unclothed of this obstruction that it is able to pass through substances impervious to magnetic fluids. There are methods by which these spirits can be unclothed, which through no seer have yet been indicated." Mr. R. asked "whether there are any artificial means by which a spirit could be released from this bodily influence?" The spirit replied: "We shall call your attention to three propositions which we are about to unfold.

First. As a spirit's inmates are quickened by the descent of Divine goodness and truth, the currents of spiritual energy—life quickened from God throw out a new aural atmosphere, about the spirit which displaces the old constricting, magnetic mental condition. This is a universal law.

Second. Angelic spirits can, when Divine Providence so directs, receive for themselves, and in themselves a corresponding life essence; they can, to use your earth language, magnetize such spirits as are encumbered by these gross, dense earth garments, for it is earthy after all. For instance, where a person, as in the case spoken of by A. J. Davis, was imprisoned in a vault, or in a glass jar, hermetically sealed, or in any non-conducting substance, the angelic spirits could dissipate this gross robe temporarily and lead the captive into liberty; they might, however, as in the case of the man imprisoned in the vault, impress a person still remaining in the earth sphere to open the door.

We will give another case: we will suppose a man to be buried alive, his body laid in a stone sarcophagus, coated inside with a vitreous substance, and this buried, say in the center of a pyramid, as vast as those of old Egypt. Now, an angelic spirit would have no more difficulty in passing through that pyramid than a ray of light in passing through your atmosphere, or a ray of electricity through a conductor.

Multiply the swiftness of a ray of solar light by the rapidity of electrical flashes, from atmospheres in conditions of disturbance, and you still have no conception of the rapidity with which a ray of spirit light or thought proceeds. Now suppose, that owing to unfortunate conditions and surroundings in the earth's sphere, the brother thus immured within the body and the tomb, had an organism saturated with clinging magnetic substance, blinding him by its strong attraction to the magnetic center of the earth. There are angels who are called deliverers, familiar with the subtlest secrets of the organism and its laws, and gifted with a power equal to their knowledge. They are able to induce upon the buried-alive condition of absolute unconsciousness. The agony of a person finding himself or herself thus buried alive, is always assuaged by the descent of these ministering intelligences, who are always attracted to him. And when a person is buried alive, as in the case indicated, they would induce first, a deep sleep; secondly, a clairvoyance, then the spirit or interior soul of the man would leave the body, and draw after it the substance of the form, which is the spiritual body; he would still remain connected with the body through the animal life, until this spiritual body is reorganized. These angelic intelligences have power instantly to produce asphyxia, or in other words, to arrest the action of the respiratory organs' process, the man proper or spirit would still remain connected with the magnetic spheres.

Third. Angelic spirits further have power to indraw the essences of the magnetic sphere or body into the atoms of their own organisms, through a law hereafter to be indicated, and to decompose these into first principles or original elements, and so dissipate them. Through these stages of deliverance

you see that the spirit becomes freed. He is taken away, and released from the bonds which had been around him.

But the man of gross habits and low sensual conditions, who has not any loves, elevated above the animal, will however if freed thus from the gross, clinging magnetism, re-attract by degrees, ones similar to that which he had, which had become natural to him, and which can only be permanently removed by a gradual growth and development of the interior nature."

We have transcribed the entire communication, because we believe it contains some important suggestions, and it will be perceived that here as in most cases, the truth lies in the middle ground, and while certain spirits cannot pass through material substances, others, with more refined organisms, find little or no obstruction in these. As light passes through many substances, as heat, electricity and magnetism, through many others, so the materiality of which our spiritual bodies are composed when in a pure condition, freed from the gross magnetism of earth, finds no barriers in the revolving worlds and planets, but passes through the boundless realms of space, whithersoever its will, which becomes the motive power, under the guidance of attraction, shall lead it.

While therefore, we accept the advice of Bro. Davis to open the doors where a new-born spirit has escaped from the prison house of the body, we have no fears that He, who planned the universe with so much wisdom and beauty, has left any conditions in which one of His children, however gross and degraded it may be, can forever remain without the influence of that all-comprehensive love which enfolds the universe within its broad embrace. C.

#### Spiritualism a Rational System of Philosophy.

If we separate Spiritualism from the physical manifestations which have run current with its history, we shall find that it presents to the mind for criticism and examination the simplest and most reasonable system of philosophic religion. We do not desire to have it understood that these physical manifestations form no part of the philosophy; on the contrary it is only by these outward signs, that certain minds can be induced to examine and investigate the grand and general principles of the system; but it is a well known fact that these sensible demonstrations have attracted impostors, cheats and jugglers, and from a knowledge of their frauds made public, a vast amount of censure and public odium have been cast upon the whole matter.

Independent of and discarding for the moment all connection with the physical branch of the philosophy, let us see what that Spiritualism believes and teaches.

We all understand that it is an attribute of the human mind to treat with awe and reverence anything which is dark and mysterious; enunciate any proposition, any theory or principles, throw around it the mantle of mystery and magic, and at once the human mind is stricken with awe and wonder—it is true because it is mysterious—and this applies to all the old mythologies and theologies—they are dark and incomprehensible and therefore true; but Spiritualism is light, it is reasonable, it is rational; it appeals directly, and with an invincible force to the soul and sympathies of man; coming up from the simple principles of nature, supplying a natural demand of the soul to know something of its present and its future state; it follows out the history and life of the spirit to the confines of the Infinite mind.

The cardinal principles which attach to this philosophy and upon which it is to build up a great truth in immortal glory, are few in number and simple and rational in character. God is a spirit everywhere present, whose essence is love and beauty. Not comprehensible to the mind of man except in His works which are made manifest to the senses. The finite cannot comprehend the Infinite, and hence man cannot comprehend God. Were this possible man would become as God is; and while Spiritualism does not undertake to define what God is, it assumes from natural principles to declare what He is not, and in this light we say that the God of the Bible, represented as cruel, vindictive and treacherous, is not the God of Nature, and that His character as there pictured is only the offspring of barbarous and uneducated minds, and does not furnish that exalted and lofty conception of the Creator which is suited to this age of the world's progress.

We believe that man is also a spirit—an immortal spirit—indissolubly connected by an unbroken chain, with the whole brotherhood of man on this and on the other side of the river.

That the spirit of the man immortal can and does communicate the great truths of nature, the facts of the spirit life to his brother in the physical form, on the earth. That the tendency of this communication is to bring up, to elevate the race—to educate and to evolve the spiritual realities of life.

That man is a progressive being—inspired always by hope—living, learning, advancing forever and ever. That ultimate and eternal punishment, as given to us by tradition, is an impossibility, for a God who is all goodness, all perfection, could not, cannot create a principle of evil greater and more powerful than himself. No evil can be born of infinite goodness. It is a contradiction of terms; and so no devil can find birth in the Divinity; no eternal principle of evil, with a power greater than that possessed by God himself, could ever have been born of God! These are old notions, Pagan ideas, the product of ignorance and barbarism.

Spiritualism does not believe that God failed, either in His plan of creation or in any subsequent plans of redemption and salvation, but that all things were made right and good in their respective ways, and that God, the Creator, is bringing up, elevating and advancing man in His own good time and manner, and that in the spirit world as well as in the physical plane, where we now exist, there is order and progress and education, on and on, through all eternity. And it is pleasant and beautiful to contemplate in this light, the Divine harmonies of creation; there is something grand and holy in Nature that is worth living for. While the church holds up in the future the damnation of more than nine-tenths of the entire human family, we can behold the glories of the life eternal and look forward to the time when death, severing the spirit from the body, shall usher the living soul into the presence of an eternal life, where unnumbered blessings, God's holy gifts to man, shall gather around the spirit forever and ever.

#### Questions.

We are pleased to have the friends who are inclined to do so send questions to be answered, by the spirits controlling, for the sixth page of the JOURNAL; but we trust those who do so will make such inquiries as shall be of interest to the general reader, as those only can we afford to give a place in the JOURNAL.

Direct or Reporter RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

#### The Work Before Us.

Reformers have a great work before them; a work not of the promulgation of the faith, alone, but of the philosophy of our faith—our reasons for the faith which we possess. Yea, more, a work of self-culture—the elevation of self in the scale of humanity.

Our whole aim as an ultimate should be for the ennobling and development of the human family in friendship, love and truth. It is the truth that will eventually make us free in the largest acceptance of that term. Every step we take up the rounds of the ladder of eternal progression, raises us into a loftier sphere of thought and goodness, and brings to view new beauties and grander and sublimer truths to fascinate our attention, and cheer us onward and upward towards the Fountain of all goodness and truth.

We are but links in an endless chain; each link is necessary to the perfection of the great whole, and each has its separate mission to perform. The efforts that we individually put forth for humanity are, after all, efforts for self-unfoldment, and there is no possible way for us to bring such real substantial happiness and good to ourselves as by those noble deeds which do the greatest amount of good for the greatest number.

In the great field of reform the press wields a mighty influence. By it our principles are sown broadcast to the world. Already Spiritualists are to be found in every neighborhood, and they are certainly equal in intelligence and enterprise to any other class of men. Indeed, they are emphatically a reading and thinking people. Their literature exceeds in beauty of expression, fine conceptions of thought and true philosophy that of any other class, when we take into consideration the age of what is denominated "Modern Spiritualism." We are potent in power, though in infancy. We include in our ranks tens of thousands of the first minds of America as well as the Old World, who are not known as Spiritualists, even to their nearest neighbors and friends. They have quietly in their own offices or studies perused our books and papers, and have become convinced that our philosophy and reasoning are in accordance with sound truth. They have embraced the essential facts of Spiritualism by a careful review and analysis of our literature.

Men and women of thought and culture are contributors to the pages of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, as well as other spiritual and reformatory publications. Great truths well up from their inmost souls and seek utterance as they are inspired by the great Fountain of all truth, or by the magnetic breathings of loving spirits from the Summer Land upon their souls.

Then shall we, friends, who can appreciate these great truths, put forth a helping hand and make conditions favorable and facilities good for the promulgation of these wondrous thoughts and burning truths? Shall we co-operate with the angel world and do our part in the great cause of human emancipation from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition? We pledge ourselves anew to this great work, and ask you to labor with us. Help us to build up a great and glorious Publishing Institution. One that you will be proud to call ours! We earnestly ask you to look this matter in the face, and not to turn away until you have become a stockholder in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. We respectfully but urgently in continuation of this important subject, again call your attention to the article republished in this number, entitled "Our Corporation;" and do not think, friends, that what we say upon this subject is a matter of selfishness. We mean all we say. Our cause, the elevation of humanity in the scale of intelligence and goodness, and our own unfoldment in truth, demand of us all that we make a united effort for the spread of our heaven-born philosophy.

#### Our Second Volume.

This number commences the second volume of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Will our friends take hold in good earnest and help us unfold its ample folds, that the hundreds of thousands of hungry and thirsting souls for the bread and waters of eternal life may enjoy the blessings of our united labors? Remember that the work of reform is confided to your hands as well as ours. You cannot perform the task alone—neither can we. Our joint labors are necessary for success. Upon us devolves the duty of disseminating light and truth to the uninformed throughout the world. We must not hide our light under a bushel, nor bury our talent in the earth. Let us work in earnest.

Help us, friends, to circulate the JOURNAL, and thereby increase the material means for its support, without which no newspaper can be published. Our expenses are heavy, and we need many thousand subscribers to defray them. In your efforts to widen the circulation of the JOURNAL, you are helping supply our Corporation with life blood to sustain the JOURNAL, and the subscriber is getting in return that precious light which will dispel the darkness and gloom which have so long enshrouded the minds of humanity as with a black pall of deep despair.

We ask every lover of liberal principles—every Spiritualist—to take hold in earnest and help double our subscription list at once, for the second volume. We appeal to each one individually to send us the name and money for one new subscriber.

If you know no friend who will subscribe at your mere suggestion, how many of you will help on the work by giving some poor friend one year's subscription to the JOURNAL? Remember, friends, that three dollars you thus contribute for its support will carry it for one year to your friend, and the amount of good that it may do him or her cannot be reckoned by dollars and cents. It may be a beacon light to a despairing soul—cheering and lighting up the pathway that leads through the heretofore dark valley of death, making it redolent with beauty and loveliness.

#### Responsibility.

The editors of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL do not hold themselves responsible for the sentiments expressed by correspondents. Believing in freedom of thought and the right of expression for ourselves, we would not deny the same right to others.

We only ask correspondents to base their thoughts upon principles that will be of benefit to the reader; to write clearly, pointedly, well.

#### New Premium for New Subscribers.

Any one sending us fifteen dollars for new subscriptions to the JOURNAL, shall receive, by return mail, either "The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man," by Hudson Tuttle, "Moses and the Israelites," by Merritt Munson, "Jesus of Nazareth," by Alexander Smythe, or one dollar and seventy-five cents (including postage) worth of any book in our advertised list.

#### Spiritualism in the Churches.

The giant of Spiritualism is making mighty strides in its onward march. The preachers may hurl their anathemas against our beautiful philosophy, and denounce the phenomena of spiritual manifestations, as imposition, delusion, or the work of the devil, yet in spite of all this the intelligent members of the Orthodox churches will attend spiritual seances, read spiritual books, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and Banner of Light, and by so doing become confirmed believers in our philosophy. Tens of thousands of good church members have in this way been converted to Spiritualism. The preachers know these facts, hence their determined opposition to having their members attend spiritual seances or read spiritual books and papers. But their struggles are vain. None but the ignorant, bigoted devotees pretend to heed their commands. Those who are bold and thoughtful not only read, see and talk about Spiritualism, but write about it, and the sectarian papers publish more or less articles which are written by this class of thinkers.

It is true that they must occasionally throw in a paragraph which sounds like the true ring of Orthodoxy, but nevertheless in its connection proves all that our philosophy claims. It demonstrates the truth of Spiritualism. It proves that the dissolution of the physical body is no death to the spirit—that the spirit still lives on—has a form corresponding exactly to the physical body that it has just parted with, and is capable of making itself seen and loved by the dear ones of earth while they are yet living on the material plane.

If that is not Spiritualism, will our good pious Christian Times and Witness, the Baptist organ of this city, from which we copy the following article, tell us what it is? We improve this opportunity to tender our thanks to that journal for publishing so good an article in favor of Spiritualism for the benefit of its close-communication readers. It will do them good, and at the same time we ask our readers to peruse the article and pass it around among their orthodox neighbors.

The introductory part of the article is a little on the theological highfalutin order, and to the effect that a spirit on entering the spirit world goes into the presence of a personal God, and that a bad man sees, just before death, his Satanic Majesty, or some other hobgoblin that makes him stand aghast and prefer not to go hence; but these are only theological ornaments, without which the article could no more have found a place in the Christian Times and Witness, than General Grant could have found a seat in Grace church before the rebellion, when his business was that of a leather and wood dealer. Ecstacy, tinsel, hobgoblins and sulphurous fumes for dying sinners have wonderful charms for old Orthodoxy, and seem to be a sufficient gliding to make even the truth palatable now-a-days:

From the Christian Times and Witness, March 15th.

#### That Awful Moment.

BY ROBERT BODT, WAUKESHA, WIS.

What a solemn moment is that in which the soul passes away from the scenes of earth to the realities of eternity! Now among friends and familiar places and things—in an instant after before God, and among holy angels, and the just made perfect. What new views, new thoughts, new wonders open upon the soul in that instant of time.

"O change! O wondrous change!

Burst are the prison bars!

This moment there—so low

In mortal prayer—and now

Beyond the stars!

"O change! stupendous change!

Here lies the senseless clod;

The soul from bondage breaks,

The new immortal wakes—

Walks with his God!"

In many instances it seems as if the soul sees some of the realities of the future world before it leaves this, while it is yet hovering on the confines of eternity. That eminent physician and philosopher, Dr. Bateman, exclaimed when dying, "What glory! The angels are waiting for me!" And Dr. D. W. Clark mentions the case of a little girl, a member of his Sabbath School, who, when dying, threw up her little wasted arms, and with a face shining with pleasure, cried, "Mother, the angels have come!" Hannah More, when she was dying, suddenly held out her arms as if to embrace some one, and called out the name of a beloved sister who had long been dead.

One who was an eye witness of the scene relates the following beautiful incident: "A little girl, a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer loving child was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her; and, winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say, 'Now tell me about my mamma.' And when the oft told tale had been repeated, she would ask softly, 'Take me into the parlor and let me see my mamma.' The request was never refused; and the affectionate sick child would lie for hours gazing on her mother's portrait. Her last hour came, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its sum of life was going down. The little chest heaved faintly, spasmodically. 'Do you know me darling?' sobbed close in her ear the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once, a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, and the lips parted; the wan, cuddling hands flew up in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the face above. 'Mother!' she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath to her mother's bosom.

On the other hand, it is no uncommon thing for wicked men, when dying, to utter expressions of great horror, and to shrink back with a look of surprised alarm upon their faces as if some dreadful images had just burst upon their view. I have witnessed scenes of this kind that fill me with anguish when I recall them. Sinners chased by death to the awful brink, when the trembling soul catches a glimpse of coming terrors, and shrieking in terror seek to turn back. In the language of the unhappy Atramont, when dying, they 'turn, and turn, and find no ray!'

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.—Does the writer suppose that the most wicked have no loving ones—mothers, sisters or children in the spirit world, who would lovingly embrace the opportunity to offer the hand of sympathy to a poor sinning soul as it was about to enter the spirit world, and point the way to a higher and better life, where the temptations of earthly wants could not reach him? If such privileges of return are granted to departed spirits, do not the facts related in the article admit that the loved ones can come to good people, and if they can to the good, why not to the bad? If they return at all it must be by a natural law—that fact once admitted, covers the whole case. It proves Spiritualism.]

I think that when the soul leaves the body it still retains its appropriate human form, and hence the ease with which they have been recognized whenever they have appeared. Saul had no difficulty in recognizing the spirit of Samuel, the spirits of Abraham and Lazarus were recognized by the rich man, and so were the spirits of Moses and Elias recognized by the disciples. When the beloved John saw the spirits of the redeemed in their glory, they appeared in the human form, as is evident from the whole description of their looks, words and actions.



In this connection I might mention a remarkable circumstance which occurred in the experience of the Rev. John Grey, a faithful missionary who sailed from Scotland to Russia in 1818. His son has been giving some interesting accounts of him in the *Christian Intelligencer* lately. It seems that upon the death of his father, he was afflicted with the deepest sorrow. He could neither eat nor sleep, and often went to his grave to pour out his grief. In writing to his son, he relates the event to which I refer as follows:

"You will now state, if not smile incredulously, at what I am about to say. You may do as you please either way. I shall relate the fact and leave you to draw your own conclusions."

"I had just lain down on my bed. I was not asleep nor sleeping. My candle burned by my side; when who should walk in but your mother! She was dressed in everyday clothing. She walked past me; went to the foot of the bed, and putting both of her hands on the footboard, stood and looked me in the eyes for a considerable time. She spoke not. I wished to do so, but was not able. She looked as natural as when in health. I was fully aware it was her apparition, and feeling that I should never see her again, I looked at every part of her body with a last and greedy look. I wished her to stay long; would have spoken, yet I leaped into her arms, but could not stir. That look—that long, long look she gave me, I shall never forget. It was all love—the same fond look she had so often cast upon me, making me the happiest of men; yet there was something in that look which said, 'Why do you thus grieve for me?' She did not vanish from sight, but let go her hold of the footboard, and walked out as she came in. I was not flurried or troubled in mind at what had taken place more than I am at this moment, but turned on my head on my pillow, that I might see her back as she went out the door, and which I saw distinctly as I had ever seen it."

"In a few minutes your eldest sister, Mary Ann, came springing into my bedroom from her own, where you all slept, and leaping into my bed and reaching over me, said, 'Father, where is mother?' 'Why do you ask that, my child?' I said; 'you know mother is dead.' But she has come home again,' she replied. 'What makes you say so, dear?' 'Because, father, she has just walked out of our bedroom.' 'You dreamed so, dear.' 'No, father, I saw her. She had on her own clothes again, and she went to all our beds and kissed us all; and I know she has come home again. Where is she, father?' The child wept and would not be persuaded but that her mother was somewhere in the house; and it was no small talk to pacify her and get her to rest again. She could talk about nothing in the morning, but that mother had been home and kissed them, and wish she would come again and stay. I asked her what dress mother had on, and it was the same in which I had seen her."

"My vision you might attribute to the disturbed state of my mind; but how can you account for the little child's? You have the simple facts, and I leave you to account for them as you please."

I make no comments on the above. I know all that can be said of optical delusions, though it would be strange if such a delusion could seize both father and child at the same time and in different rooms. I only maintain that there is nothing unreasonable or unscriptural in believing that it was the spirit of the departed wife and mother.

#### Letters of Inquiry.

We are in receipt of letters inquiring on what principle dividends will be estimated on the capital stock of our Corporation—whether a person who takes one share and pays in ten per cent. will get just as much on the dollar as the person who takes a share and pays up in full.

We answer, and illustrate the matter thus—two persons on the same day subscribe for one share of stock each; one pays fifty dollars, which makes it full paid stock; the other pays five dollars, which is ten per cent. on the share. At the end of one year a dividend of ten per cent. is made. The person who paid fifty dollars will receive five dollars, while the person who paid but five dollars will receive fifty cents.

In other words, the time of making payments, as well as the amounts paid, are accurately kept, and each person receives his just proportion of profits, taking into consideration time of payment and amounts paid.

Ten per cent., or five dollars on a share, is the lowest amount that our Charter allows us to accept as a subscription to the capital stock; but the whole amount, or any amount larger than ten per cent. may be paid down at the option of the party becoming a stockholder. We really hope our friends will look into this subject with earnestness, and with an eye single to a good investment in both a pecuniary and moral point of view. You who have a goodly amount of this world's goods, will find it for your interest to become stockholders in amounts corresponding to your means.

You can copy the following form of a subscription, inserting the number of shares, etc., and transmit the same to the Secretary, and receive your stock receipt at once:

#### STOCK SUBSCRIPTION LIST OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

The undersigned agrees to take—shares of the capital stock of The Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association, and to pay fifty dollars for each share respectively so taken. Ten per cent. of which is paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder I agree to pay in such instalments, not exceeding ten per cent. at one time, and at such times as shall be required by the Board of Directors or Executive Committee of said Association. And I further agree that the publication of the substance of such calls for the payments of instalments, by the Secretary of said Association in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, or any other newspaper published in the city of Chicago, Illinois, shall be sufficient notice to me that such calls have been made. Provided, that not exceeding three calls for instalments shall be made within any one year.

Payments to be made to the Secretary of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association, at his office in the city of Chicago, Illinois.

#### Charity.

The beneficent duty of charity—an inherent sentiment of humanity, and deservedly one of the choicest of the Christian virtues—is not practically held in the high estimation it deserves. So long as "to err is human, and to forgive divine," so long will its benign influence necessarily be called into action. Its exercise rests upon the principle of human sympathy and benevolence to relieve human wants and human sufferings. Is not that principle based on human weakness, infirmity or calamity? Is not its exercise a practical exemplification of the golden rule, to do to others as you would have them do to you? This exercise of charity, thus understood, is within the power and duty of every individual who can so act.

When will humanity universally regard its obligations and practice its requirements? Its exercise tends to humanize, civilize and strengthen the moral and religious feelings, views and actions, and to diffuse its influence over an enlarged circle. Instead of the old Mosaic law of barbarism—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—it is easy to be seen that charity, in its exercise and influence, "is greater" and more powerful than "faith and hope." This is a very strong expression, for "faith and hope" are very strong passions and sentiments in humanity, and almost, if not quite, form the basis of our continued existence. Yet faith and hope very often prove deceptive and wholly fail. But "charity never faileth." It may remain dormant from neglect, and needs to be brought into

exercise by proper cultivation. Like many other passions, sentiments and affections, it should be educated, invigorated and improved, and made subject to right control. A charitable disposition will naturally think, speak and act charitably of the condition and doings and misdoings of others.

But this disposition is not universal, which shows the necessity of its cultivation. When thus learned, taught, educated and practiced, it will form a bright contrast to the old Mosaic Institutions and condition, and do wonders in counteracting "man's inhumanity to man that's made so many countless thousands mourn." Charity and mercy are of the same family, and should teach man in their true spirit to fulfil his relative duties to his fellow-man.

#### Mercy.

The exercise or influence of mercy requires the exercise and influence of pity, sorrow, regret, and dissatisfaction with the state or condition of things, as it relates to the object of mercy.

Although human beings should do acts of mercy, when rationally in their power, can it be truth be so said or required of the Almighty? Can he regret His own acts and doings, or the operation of His own laws? Can He fall in the absolute government of all His works? Can anything transpire in opposition to His will? Is there anything left destitute of His will, His care and government? Infinite knowledge, wisdom, power and goodness cannot possibly produce a condition to call for His pity, regret or compassion, His sorrow or repentance in relation to any of His works, their doings, operations or condition. As He cannot err, He cannot permit any error or wrong. Whatever of wrong in the limited judgment of man there may be, must be man's wrong, as viewed by man. As with the Creator there can be no wrong, no defect or imperfection in any of His works, nothing done without design, and nothing left ungoverned, everything perfectly answering its destined purpose, so there cannot by any possibility be any need of a remedy for what is perfectly right, nor any exercise of mercy, where all with him is at all times, in all things, and in all events, as He had destined them to be. As man's sufferings are such only as are destined for him in infinite wisdom, any act of the Creator to divert or prevent such destiny, would be at war with Himself—any such change would show "a house divided against itself." Mercy and Charity are near relatives, and enjoin upon men their relative duties and obligations to their fellow beings.

#### Annual Celebration of the N. Y. Children's Progressive Lyceum in the Large Hall of the Cooper Institute, Tuesday Evening, March 27th.

An attractive programme will be presented, consisting of original tableaux, beautiful songs, instructive declamations, instrumental music, recitations, grand banner march by the entire Lyceum, and impressive representations by tableaux of many truths in spiritual intercourse, such as "The Spirit Artist," "The Orphan's Joy" at seeing the returned spirit of her mother, a beautiful spiritual scene, illustrating the truth concerning "Death and the Life Beyond," the "Angel's Lesson of Benevolence," etc., etc.

The large hall of Cooper Institute, capable of seating 3,500 persons, will be crowded to witness the novel and attractive exercises of the Children's Lyceum. The exhibition will interest the citizens of New York in the work of Spiritualists in behalf of the young, and thus bring our glorious cause in a just and rational light to the public, than which nothing could more promote the advancement of Spiritualism among the masses.

#### The Spiritualists' Sociables.

The very pleasant gatherings which have heretofore been held at Crosby's Music Hall, will be held the remainder of the present season, at Martine's Hall, corner of South Clark and Monroe streets, under the supervision of Frank H. May.

Season tickets for gentlemen for the four last sociables of the season can be purchased at Tallmadge's bookstore, Lombard Block, for three dollars. Tickets for a single evening, one dollar. Ladies free. Those who desire tickets for these very agreeable parties, will do well to secure them at once, as but a limited number will be sold.

These parties are to be held March 23d, 30th, April 6th and 13th.

#### Receipts for Subscriptions.

We occasionally receive letters, with subscriptions for our paper enclosed, requesting a receipt for said subscription.

On the margin at the head of each number of each subscriber's paper, and printed on a little slip of colored paper, is the name of the subscriber, giving the time when the subscription will expire. That is a full receipt to that date. It is the most perfect plan known for giving receipts for sums received for subscriptions.

#### Removal.

Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, editor of the Washington *Reconstructionist*, has been discharged from a clerkship in the Quartermaster General's office for "using disrespectful language against the President of the United States, in the newspaper which she edits."

In remarking upon her removal, Mrs. Swisshelm says:

"Personally, we have no complaints to make. Secretary Stanton has always been to us considerate and kind; and in this, either acts under special order from the President or in accordance with general rules, and we have no desire to be the recipient of special favors. We received our appointment at the request of about twenty members of Congress, as an acknowledgment of fifteen years of editorial labor for the triumph of the principle which elected Mr. Lincoln. We have been excused for much lost time on account of our hospital work, and the broken health consequent thereon. We need a position under Government; and feel that we have earned one by twenty years of wasting labor for the Government; but we would not purchase the presidency, or even the New York clerkship, by a sentence which we should regard as a betrayal of liberty. We are under solemn, sacramental oath to devote our life to the cause of the American slave. Keeping that oath may lead to all of misfortune this earth can bring, but it must be kept."

The Kansas City *Advertiser* says that "the failure of the Atlantic cable was caused by the merriment stripping the gutta percha from the wires to make overcoats to keep their feet dry." We don't believe a word of the accusation.

A Connecticut minister having walked through a village churchyard, and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote upon the gatepost the following line: "Here lies the dead, and here the living lie."

Sheridan, scholar, wit and spendthrift, being dunned by a tailor to pay at least interest on his bills, answered that it was not his interest to pay the principal, nor his principle to pay the interest.

At a wedding, after the clergyman had united the happy pair, an awful silence ensued; which becoming rather irksome to a young gentleman, he cried out, "You need not be so unspeakably happy."

#### The Children's Progressive Lyceums and the Little Bouquet.

On the eighth page of the JOURNAL will be found a circular, entitled *The Little Bouquet*, to which we invite the especial attention of all our readers. It will be an earnest add to the Children's Progressive Lyceums, just the charming little visitor that every child and youth will greet with a hearty welcome.

One dollar will pay for it for one year. How many children will undertake to get up a club of ten subscribers, and receive one copy of *The Little Bouquet* free, to repay them for their trouble?

Dear mothers, will you help your little ones in their efforts to bring into life the most attractive juvenile paper that was ever published? We promise you, that with due encouragement, *The Little Bouquet* shall appear fresh and redolent with beauty, all the year round; and its fragrance shall brighten the sweet faces, and make glad the hearts of the youthful household.

Remember, friends, that it is to you alone we have to look for encouragement to start a child's paper adapted to the reforms of the day.

#### Personal.

N. FRANK WHITE.—Our brother White speaks here on Sunday, the 25th, for the last time at present. We hope, however, his work in Chicago has not ended.

No speaker has been better received than Mr. White has been; no one has proved more worthy of our regard; no one will leave pleasanter memories.

Dr. Bryant continues his work of healing the sick in this city. To many who are poor in purse he has proved himself a true disciple of the Good Samaritan.

Charles A. Hayden is engaged to speak in Chicago the five Sundays of April.

#### Our Revised Book List.

We would call the attention of the readers of the JOURNAL to the revised book list on our seventh page. We shall endeavor to return the remittances for books, where we have not been able to fill the orders. If any should be neglected, we hope we shall be immediately informed of the fact.

Address the Secretary.

#### Mrs. Genung.

Desires to say to her numerous correspondents that she is now very sick—consequently will be unable to answer letters for some days to come.

#### MSS. on Hand.

The following articles are accepted, and placed on file for publication, in addition to the list we gave last week:

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE, by L. Fleida; Sunbeam Revelations and Musings, by M. K. T.; Philosophy and Poetry, Sister Spirits, by M. K. T.

#### ESSAYS.

Political Reflections and Predictions, by G. A. B.; Modern Spiritualism, by J. M. Stanton; Religion of Spiritualism, by Noel; Education the True Physician vs. Drug Medication, by Dr. I. H. Hill; The Divine Being, No. 1, by a Christian Spiritualist; Decline of the Gospel, by L. W. R.; Progress, by H. B.; Little Pearl—The Land of the Living, by Emma Tuttle; The Blessings of Poverty, by L.; Free Agency, by Mrs. Stillman; Social Science, by A. Brisbane; Prophecy of God, by O. S. P.; Secret Societies, by Judge Carter; Aesthetic Culture, by E. K. B.; The Magdalen, by E. Case; The Coming Time, by Blanche.

#### LETTERS.

Letters from E. Hovey, J. B. Champney, Kate Parker, Dr. J. B. Wolff, Wm. Fitzgibbon, J. K. Chapman, J. B. Mayhew, Theodore Fulton.

#### BUSINESS MATTERS.

OUR BOOK TRADE.—Orders by mail are filled out as soon as they reach this office, but it sometimes happens that we may be out of some book ordered. That may cause a few days' delay until our stock is replenished.

We say this, that those ordering books may not be disappointed if they sometimes get a part of the order on one day and the remainder on another day. We intend to be prompt in filling orders for the paper and for books. If either should fail to come to hand within a reasonable time, we urgently request our friends to advise us of the fact, giving names of persons, places of residences, and the amount of money sent; when the order was mailed, and to whom directed.

All such orders should be addressed to Geo. H. Jones, Secretary RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

EMMA HARDING'S LECTURES ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.—This book contains Six Lectures given through that highly developed and well-known trance-medium, Miss Emma Hardinge, besides much other very interesting matter.

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Together with the outline of a plan for human enterprise and an Autobiographical Introduction with an Appendix containing the savings and sentiments of many well-known Spiritualists and other reformers.

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CHURCH'S SEANCES.—Mr. W. T. Church, physical and test medium, having located permanently in this city, may be consulted at his residence, No. 863 Wabash avenue, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. Persons wishing to attend either the seances or developing circles, will find it to their interest to call upon him at their earliest convenience, and procure tickets to the same.

Chicago, Nov. 17, 1865. 10-1f

MRS. C. M. JORDAN, Writing and Prophetic Medium, 78 North Dearborn street, Chicago. 10-1f

MEDICAL NOTICE.—Dr. Henry Slade, Clairvoyant Physician, will examine the sick in person, or by hair, in his office, Merriman Block, Jackson, Mich., every Friday and Saturday. Terms for examination \$2. The money should accompany orders. (15-1f)

CLAIRVOYANT AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Miss Lowry will remain in Chicago a short time, at No. 300½ State street, where she will examine the human system clairvoyantly, and give a diagnosis of the diseased organs, and a statement of the cause of their diseased state, and treat the same. Will also give psychometrical diagnosis of diseases of those who are at a distance, either by a lock of their hair, their photographs or photographs; and by the same means give a delineation of character, and direct their minds to the profession or occupation for which their organizations are best adapted.

Price for examination, \$1.00. Consultation, Free. Hours for Consultation, from 9 to 11 A. M., and from 1 to 5 P. M. 12-1f

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#### Etherealism.

The following extract from a private letter is one of the many notes of commendation we have received in relation to the lectures we are now publishing upon Etherealism:

"I do not know how the papers on 'Etherealism' please other readers of your paper, but as for me no essay on any subject ever gave me so much real soul nutriment. I do enjoy the reading of them much more than I ever did the Old or New Testament, both of which I once thought were too sacred to be commented upon, or questioned as to their holy or divine infallibility, possessing sublimer truths than could ever be expected from any other source. I trust that others will find threads and veins of thought, opening up to them vast storehouses of spiritual wealth, through the reading of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. F. S. S."

#### Marriages.

By marriage we mean the union of souls—the joining of two life-streams for a stronger, diviner flow to the eternal sea.

In this city, on the 19th inst., by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Mr. J. P. KELLEY, of Iowa, to Miss ELVIRA S. SMITH, of Austinburg, Ohio.

#### NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall—entrance on State street.

Hours of meeting at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their Hall, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D streets, near Pennsylvania avenue. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, (formerly a church), Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, Lyceum holds regular Sunday sessions at 10 A. M., in the same place.

BOSTON—MELODEN.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays at 2½ and 7½ o'clock. Admission free. Speakers engaged—Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D., of New York, during March; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, April 1 and 8; J. G. Fish, April 22 and 29.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 33d street, near Broadway.

Mr. J. G. Fish is the speaker for March. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a new and very attractive Sunday School, meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock.

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5679, New York.

TEMPLE OF TRUTH.—Meetings at the "Temple of Truth," 814 Broadway, New York. Lectures and discussions every Sunday at 10½, 3 and 7½ o'clock. The hall and rooms are open every day of the week as a Spiritualists' depot for information, medium's home, etc. All are invited to come, and make themselves at home.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Progressive Spiritualists hold regular meetings on Sundays in Sanson Street Hall at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds sessions every Sunday afternoon in same place at 2½ o'clock.

VINELAND, N. J.—Meetings of the Society of the Friends of Progress in their Lyceum Hall on Plum, near Sixth street, every Sunday morning at 10½ A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds session in the same Hall every Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—The Spiritualists of this place meet every Sunday at McDonnell's Hall (Ferris & Garrett's Building) for lectures. Lecturers selected to make engagements, will please address either of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Garrett, Esq., President; Lea Pusey, Esq., Treasurer; or Dr. Wm. Fitzgibbon, Secretary.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" have rented Mercantile Library (small) Hall, and have regular lectures every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Seats free. Speakers engaged—Miss Lizzie Doten during February.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2½ o'clock.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10½ and 7½ o'clock.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuppy lectures for the Friends of Progress in their hall, corner of Fourth and Jessie streets, San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Admission free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 P. M.

#### SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Mrs. Caroline Abbott, developing medium, 300½ State street, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Madison Allist, Rockland, Me.

W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521 New York City.

Mrs. N. K. Andros, Makanda, Jackson Co., Ill.

George W. Atwood will answer calls to lecture in the New England States. Address, Weymouth Landing, Mass.

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopkdale, Mass.

S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker, will receive calls to lecture on the Harmonical Philosophy. Please address him at Rochester, Olmstead county, Minn.

Lovel Beebe, trance speaker, North Ridgeville, Ohio, will respond to calls to lecture.

M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker, will speak in Middle Groveville, N. Y., the first and third Sundays in the month, and in Kingsbury, N. Y., the second and fourth, up to July. Will answer calls to lecture evenings during the week, and attend funerals. Address Middle Groveville or Smith's Basin, New York.

C. C. Blake, of New York City, will answer calls to lecture in different parts of the West upon Grecian and Roman Spiritualism, as compared with modern. Address, until further notice, Dahlonga, Wapello Co., Iowa.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Haverhill during March. Address accordingly.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, West Brattleboro, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's post office address is drawer 6325 Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullen's address is 32 Fifth street, New York.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Address 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Lizzie Carley. Address, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address, Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell will answer calls to lecture. Address Forestport, Oneida Co., N. Y., care of Horace Farley.

Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Eliza C. Clark, inspirational speaker. Address care of Banner of Light office.

Dr. L. K. Conley will lecture in Vineland, N. J., the first, third and fourth Sundays of February. In Wilmington, Del., the first and second Sundays of March. Will be held in this place as may be required. Will take subscriptions for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and act as agent for the sale of spiritual and reform books. Address L. K. Conley, Vineland, N. J.

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Rutland, Vt., P. O. Box 110.

Mrs. Jeannette J. Clark, trance speaker, will answer calls, when properly made, to lecture on Sundays in any of the towns in Connecticut. Will also attend funerals. Address, Fair Haven, Conn.

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Warren Chase lectures during March in Philadelphia. The first two Sundays of April in Syracuse, N. Y. Third Sunday in April in Byron, N. Y. The fifth Sunday in April in Chardon, Ohio. First two Sundays of May in Cleveland, Ohio. Will receive subscriptions for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal.

Ira H. Curtis speaks upon questions of government. Address, Haverhill, Mass.

Andrew Jackson Davis can be addressed, as usual, at 274 Canal street, New York.

Mrs. E. DeLamar, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.

Dr. E. C. Dunn, P. O. Address, Rockford, Ill.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield, trance speaker and magnetic healer, will answer calls to lecture. Address Greenwich Village, Mass.

Mrs. Fannie B. Felton will speak in Taunton during March. Address, South Malden, Mass.



## COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give life and charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.

A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

## INVOCATION.

We thank Thee, oh, Father, for the sunshine and light. We thank Thee for darkness, storms and the night. We thank Thee for all that is to us seeming sorrow. We thank Thee for the hope of the bright coming morning. We thank Thee for the wisdom Thou hast given to all. We thank Thee for the bitterness that on us doth fall. We thank Thee for the notes that sound on our ear. We thank Thee though discordant to us they appear. We thank Thee, oh, Father, for all Thou hast given. We thank Thee that within are the treasures of heaven.

AMANDA N. WILCOX.

My dear friends, how pleasing the thought that again and again I can come to you, although separated by death, and give you thoughts that shall find a resting place in your souls never to be erased; thoughts that, like the germ of a plant, shall take root, grow and send forth sweet blossoms to the world. How thankful we should be for this privilege. How gratefully and patiently we should wait until we are one united family, on this side of the river of death. Oh, my friends, let us look forward to that time, and thank our Father, the great Giver of all life, the One who orders the changes through which we have to pass to obtain eternal life, for such a final blessing.

Although our spirits ever had their place in the great ocean of life, yet they had to be clothed with the material in order to become individualized beings—had to be born upon the face of the earth, and then pass through that trying and severe ordeal, death, to obtain an eternal, grand and beautiful life.

Though many spirits return to earth, and manifest their peculiar characteristics and angularities, think not that such is the exhibition of the greater part of the spirit plane of existence. No, no, never have I witnessed such seeming dissatisfaction on the spiritual plane as I see shown often by those who come here. On taking possession of a material organism it sometimes appears to call up any vindictive spirit in which they had formerly indulged. Often when spirits are promised by each other or the controlling spirits of this medium that they can come and communicate, if they get disappointed in so doing at the time they expect to, it calls up all their angularities, and they manifest vexation or anger in a way they never show us or at any other time. You must take into consideration, dear ones, the inconvenience spirits are subjected to in taking upon themselves the organism of another, and trying to call to the minds of their friends incidents that transpired before they left the earth. When spirits refer to the past, it brings back all the feelings of earth life; they should, when they come to the earth plane, speak of the beautiful home where they first found themselves after they left earth and consciousness was restored; they should tell where they are, and by what they are surrounded, and not allude to the past, or think of it, except for the satisfaction of friends.

The dear ones that I had thought were gone forever, I found upon my entrance into spirit life bending over me, willing, ready and anxious to do something for me, each one wishing to be recognized by me. My friends, that was the happiest moment of my life. Seeing them I did not think of you. I was completely absorbed in them and my surroundings. It was some time before I bestowed much thought upon those I had left. I could not see why you should grieve for me. It was days before I visited you; I saw the bed where I had laid all smooth and nice, everything fixed as though there had been no sickness or death. I saw that your faces were a shade paler; sadness was depicted upon them; your eyes showed the traces of tears. I did not stay long, fearing that my presence would make you more sorrowful. I was told by uncle Joseph that your grief had in a measure subsided. Since that time I have visited you often. I am glad that you have laid aside your mourning—am glad that you have come to the conclusion that it will not add to my happiness to wear it.

I feel as though I would like to stay a long time and talk to you, but there are so many spirits waiting for this organism through which to speak, that I feel that I must resign this privilege. I have confidence that the friends present will send this letter to you in accordance with my request. I will give a few particulars before I go. I will say that I was sick but a short time. My age was twenty-eight years. Of my feelings in regard to you I will only assure you that they are, if possible, more ardent than when I was with you. You will please send this to Eliza J. Wilcox, Natchez, Miss., and oblige your friend and sister, Amanda N. Wilcox.

ELLEN RANSOM TO JENNY RANSOM, WEST POINT, NEW YORK.

I am so glad that I can say a few words to my folks that I hardly know what to say first. You do not know how glad I am. [Laughing.] I only want to say a little bit of a piece. I want to tell my sister that I saw her put upon me my little speckled dress when I was to be buried, and a white rose in my hand. I heard her when she said Ellen loves the roses so well I must give her one; and I wonder if she sees me put this in her hand. You knew if I could see that I should be very glad. I did see it, but I should not if mother had not helped me. I saw you when you braided my hair and put some ribbon on it here. [Putting the medium's hand back of her ear.] I saw you when you took the scissors and cut off a nice little piece of it to keep. I heard you when you asked father if he believed that I was with mother. I saw you when all was arranged right, take my little playmates in to see me for the last time. I saw little Joanna when she cried. I heard you say that I was in heaven now. I laughed, and asked mother if that was so. She said yes, this is heaven, but it is not much nicer than your place. I never had any trouble on earth. When mother went away you said that she was gone to heaven; then I thought that I should go too one of these days, so it did not make me feel bad. I think that it is heaven where you are. Send this letter to my sister at West Point, N. Y. [What is your sister's name?] I suppose I must give you her name. [Laughing heartily.] I remember when my sister used to write letters to her cousin that I went to the post office with her, and wondered why she did not tell the man where to send the letter. I did not know that she put the name on the outside. Now, Jenny—you will laugh when you read that. My sister's name is Jenny Ransom. I used to have the headache—then I had sore throat and scarlet fever. I was most nine years old when I died.

Mother and I still love you, Jenny. You will please give father a nice great lot of love for me.

Some day when you get fixed I will come and talk to you. Mother says that, judging from what everybody says, that one of these days you are going to get all fixed nice, and then we can talk to you at home. Good bye, Jenny.

MARCH 15.

J. MARKLAND.

This is an entirely new work for me. How well I may succeed you will have to determine after I have finished. I want to write a good long letter, but they tell me this is not the place for such. They say—those on my side of the river—that I may write enough so that my folks may know that it is me. I wish that I could write a long letter. I did not suppose that I had got to be in such a hurry. I thought I was going to do just as though I had my own body. [To a gentleman present.] I do not suppose that you know anything of this kind of business, do you? [I know nothing about it except what spirits have told me.] Well, well, it is always easier to say what you will do than to do it. I do not feel at home here. I don't feel at all as though I was going to say what I want to. I don't want to blame any one, but I do wish that things were a little different. I wish that those who understand these matters would prepare the way for me to control this medium better. I know what I want to say to my folks, but they won't like to see it in print. So you see just what a fix I am in.

The best way is to let you know right square off where I am. By coming here you will know that I can come back, and you will conclude that if you get everything ready, fair and square, at our house, that I will come there and tell that which you would not like to have me tell through the columns of this paper. There is a great deal that you want me to say, but I cannot make up my mind to tell it to everybody. It seems to me that when I look at this woman, the medium, as though Jane would be one. Yes, I believe that she would be if everything was fixed all right. I declare I do not know how to tell you to fix things in order to make it right, for it is not right here—not quite. If you ever get things fixed I will come and tell you more about matters and things than I dare to tell at present.

Don't you remember when I was at home of my telling you how I lost my finger? When I was loading the things into the wagon at the time we pulled up stakes, my finger somehow got down between the wagon box and some of the things, and it was smashed all to pieces. The doctor said the best way to do was to cut it off and pull the flesh up over the end of it. Now there is one thing I want to tell you. I have now got that finger all right. I cannot tell you how I got it. Can you? [To a gentleman present.] [I presume that we are two-fold or double; have a spiritual and material form, and that your spiritual body does not suffer injury, although the material one does.] I cannot say that I understand exactly how it is. [Have you not left your physical frame upon earth, and have you not a new body, as it were?] That is so, but I do not quite understand how I should still have my finger. Speaking of my finger calls up other things. When you refer to the next, to the last letter that I wrote you, you will find something there that I will make straight the next time that I come. I do not want you to care anything about my body. It would be a useless expense to endeavor to get it, and it would do you no good. It is not my body now. It surely would be no consolation to you in its present fix—so let it go. Think of me just as little as you can. When I come near you I want to find you feeling pleasant. I have not talked as well as I wanted to. I have nearly lost control of the medium many times. Please sign my name as J. Markland. I want you to send this to Rufus McMillan, Georgetown, D. C. He will get it. He is my wife's brother. He will take it to her. I shall feel better when I get away from here. It is four and one-half years since I died.

MILO CROWLEY.

I believe that it is going to be rather a difficult thing for me to play the part of a man in a woman's rig. If we cannot find the right kind of a road to travel, we must make short turns; consequently I shall make my story a short one. My good friend who has just left, found considerable fault with the medium. I believe that it is far better to do as well as we can and make no bones about it. It is a pretty fine thing after you have shed your mortal remains to know that you can get possession of some other body and say what you want to. I think it is about one of the best things that God ever put into his calculations. I want to tell you of something that happened about seven weeks before I went out of the old body and took possession of the new. One night when we were coming home I saw a light directly in front of me and about three feet distant. I spoke of it to you, but none of you could see it. That light followed me a good half mile, or rather I followed it, for it kept on right in front of me. It kept just about such a distance from me. I thought of it over and over again, and upon remembering the stories that the old women told, I must confess that it worried me a little. I did not really want to die, but I was afraid that I had got to. When I used to speak about it, fearing that some one of us had got to go, and that that light was a warning, you laughed at me, and said that Milo was really afraid that he was going to die.

Now I did not feel afraid, but I had just got things all nicely fixed, and by the next spring I should not have owed any man a single cent. So I did not like the idea of going so quick. Now I have learned about that light. I wanted to speak about this, so that you might know that it was me, and also for another reason; you often think about my mention of it, and wonder if it was really of any moment. I have been told here that, upon our return home, if we had seated ourselves quietly at a table, we should have found out from raps by the spirits the meaning of it. We were ignorant of all these matters then, and did not know how to manage. I had my ideas about it, however, all the time. Is not this circumstance about as good as anything that I can give you, to make you see that the door is open and that I can talk with you?

[Laughing heartily.] I cannot help laughing when I think of that fellow that came here before I did. He had a pretty serious time of it. Well, I suppose he has got all over that now. You did not seem to understand helping him. Why did you not join hands all round? [Reporter—"I had to use my hand to write down what he said."] He would have liked it if you had all taken hold of hands, and allowed him to gather strength from you. Is there any chief or head to this establishment? I want to offer my gratitude for this privilege. [The gratification is on our part; we are very happy to afford you the opportunity of conversing with your friends.] I did not think of that; shall you put in all that I have said? [That is our intention.] Well, there is a think that I did not think of; however, I think you may as well. There is a little old man here that used to make shoes, who wants to tell his story. I think he will have just about as hard a time as that other one did—you will have to join

hands all around. [Did the gentleman have any other business except shoemaking?] I do not know; he might have made boots also. He took hold of the medium's shoe—that called my attention towards him. I am very much obliged to this lady, the medium, and I will try to make it all right with her when she comes over on our side. [Taking up the folds of the medium's dress.] I guess Jeff Davis did not know that such garments as these would impede his progress. I have had a confounded good time since I have been here—I feel a good deal better than I thought I should when I took a look at this chance for communicating with you. I would prefer this style of talking to writing. I was never good at composition. When I went to school on composition days I managed to make excuses—I was pretty good at them, I assure you—had the headache or something else, and kept out of the way. If I had paid more attention to that branch of my education, I should have talked better. [The natural flow of your thoughts is all that is desired.] Well, I guess I have been about as natural as I could be, in female attire.

Well, my friends, from the story that I have told, you will not have any idea that I am dead, and I am not. I am just exactly as much myself now as I was when with you. You cannot see it in that light, but it is so. I am very glad that the war has turned out as it has. I did not care to take any part in it. My name is Milo Crowley. Judging from my letter, you would not think that I was the son of a deacon, would you? As long as he kept me in tow I was steady enough, but when I got away from him I had all the more to let out—that is where the trouble comes in. Please send this to M. J. E. Crowley, Rutland, Vt.

ELLEN GAGE.

Yes, madam, I am a spirit, and I want to tell you that it is a great privilege to be a spirit—greater, I presume, than you have any idea of. Being the spirit of a woman, I appreciate the privilege that I have. If I had only known just half of what I now know, I would have had things a little different when I was upon earth. I do not believe in having things all one way—just as men would have them. I told you many times that I did not approve of it, but I was like all the rest of the women. I never dared to say before many all that I thought about it. I now wish to tell you that you will never get your just rights until you stand up for them, and not to wait for the men to assist you. They stand up quite strong enough for their own rights—rather too much for their own happiness. Of course, I do not expect any one present to take exceptions to what I say. [Spirit pausing.] [Go on, we are pleased to hear you; the gentlemen are not offended, they already think that the time has arrived for them to take their shackles from off the soul of woman.] You need not wait for that—they never intend to remove them. You must lift them yourselves. It is perfectly absurd that man should have the entire making of those laws by which woman has to be governed. I never had an opportunity of talking much. I used to attend the sewing society and class meetings; there I had a chance to say something and make prayers, but I never dared to say what I thought. Had I asked for the privilege to speak in favor of woman, I should have been told by the minister, who presided at the sewing circle as well as at the prayer meeting, to keep silence. We shall never have things as we desire. I fear the elements are too positive that we have to deal with. I think the manner in which woman is treated is a great outrage. Women are fit to become the mothers of great men, but they are not fit to take any part in making the laws by which we are governed, so the other sex thinks. I hope you will be kind enough to report me correctly. [Certainly.] I would like to call your attention to many things, and to prayer in particular. You have prayed long enough to God for the blessings that you so much desire, to know by this time that your prayers will never be answered. You had better devote your time to working out your own freedom instead of praying; you will accomplish a great deal more. You must let the men know that you are determined to have your rights, and that your efforts will never cease until you have obtained them; then you will find that there will be a great change.

My friends that I left on earth never agreed with my sentiments—no, never! I know that many of them will say that now I have reached a place where the laws do not affect me that I ought to be at rest, and say nothing about them. I feel just as strong and desirous as ever to bring about the legitimate rights of woman; and then again I would have you know that here on this plane there is no oppression from men. Women's rights and men's rights are equal. I do not wish you to have the least anxiety about what I have said reaching my friends—it is designed more particularly for women in general than for them. I hope every woman who may read it will be strengthened and made bold to come out and declare her convictions of right in regard to the matter.

There is not that true friendship among our sex that there should be. You do not work in concert to accomplish your aims.

I will be very glad if you will be kind enough to insert what I have said in the columns of your paper, for the benefit of women and myself. If so, you will oblige your friend and sister, Ellen Gage.

SAMMY WHITE, OF ROCKFORD, ILL.

I have come to tell my little bit of a story. You let little bits of boys come here, don't you? [Yes, we are delighted to have them come.] Well, I cannot talk you a long letter. Little children must write short letters, and when they get big men and women, then they may write longer ones. I want to tell my father and mother and all the folks that I know, and that used to know me, where I am, and what I am doing. I am in heaven. [Thinking.] Yes, it is heaven. I go to school, and I learn about the flowers. What kind of a study do you call it—I forget? [Botany.] Oh, yes, that is it. I learn their color and their language. When I have been to school a long time I will tell you more about it. I was nine years old when I died. It is not two years since. I died of diphtheria—my throat was all sore, and before I died my tongue was all swollen and laid in this way. [Showing.] I could only whisper just a little bit. I did not cry when I whispered goodbye, because I did not know just where I was going to. Now I am right here, but I don't know where this place is. I can talk to you and they will put it in the paper and send it to you. I want to tell my mother about some flowers. Tell her to take some violets, but not to tear their heads off by crossing the stems of two of them and then pulling until one of them loses its head, to see who is going to beat. I don't do that any more. I will tell you, lady, how I fix them all nice, and you'll tell mother, won't you? [Yes, we will, with great pleasure.] Well, I gather a great many violets—purple ones; then I gather a great many white ones and put all around the purple ones. Then I get some pinks and put just one row all around next to the white ones. Then I put some green

leaves all around, and next to them I put some moss all around, and they look just as pretty, and I make just as many of them as I want to, and give them to the folks that like me. Some day I am going to bring some home—just as soon as I can make nicer ones. I have not been sick one day since I have been here. May be I shall by and by. There was one little girl that was sick after she came here, but she got well. My name is Sammy White. I live in Rockford, Ill. [What is your father's name?] I never called him anything but father. Do you mean Mr. White? [No, his first name.] I do not know, I will ask some one here where I am. [Listening.] No, they cannot tell me. Next time that I come I will tell you his name. Good bye, lady, good bye, man. [Addressing Prof. Worthin, State Geologist, who was present—good bye.] I am going now to make more bunches of flowers.

—MCKENZIE.

I am happy and well, and mighty glad of this chance. You will see that it is quite a privilege when you think how many there are waiting for this very place, and only one of us can have it at a time. I consider myself highly favored to be the first to get possession on this occasion. I will be as brief as possible, considering the number that are waiting. I would like to tell a long story, but I guess there is most too much labor here to be wasteful of words in order for my letter to reach you. When you get talking to your folks, though, you are apt to spin out a pretty good story. I am going to try and condense mine. I do feel thankful for this chance. It seems very strange to me—well, I cannot express to you how it is that I talk. [Is this the first time that you ever controlled a medium?] Do you call this lady a medium? [Yes.] Then this is my first time. Can you tell me what month this is? [It is the 16th of March.] Well, I am straighter than I thought I should be. I was afraid that I could not remember that much. It is five years the third of this month since I died. I don't want to say died—is there not some word that comes in better than that? Not being dead, that is not a proper term. It does not convey my meaning. What a world of experience I have passed through, and you, too, my friends, have had some pretty trying times. Now you see if I had been really dead, I could not have known that. Sometimes I see that what shows itself pretty plainly. I see, too, that your prayers don't supply your needs. They are offered to the one that promises to be—how is that?—a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow. I guess that is the way it goes, but He don't seem to take care of you when the husband and father is gone. I see you pray to Him, but it don't seem to do much good. I tell you what it is, so far as praying is concerned, it actually does not do one particle of good. I see after you have prayed you look a little more patient and contented, hoping and believing that what you need will come some time. [Losing control.] Dear me, I don't exactly get the right kind of a hitch here. Woman, please give me help. [A circle was formed for the benefit of the spirit.] I want to destroy your faith in that Source. I tell you what it is, if you will just give me a little bit of time in fixing things up so that I can talk, I will tell you how you can get your wants more effectually supplied than by making prayers. You may safely apply to Mr. Fox for help, if you want to, if you dare to, if you are willing. Tell him that I told you to. Tell him that old Mr. McKinzie is conscious of your destitute condition and knows of his ability to help you. I think he will do something for you. What noise is that? [Spirit listening.] [It is the wind.] I wish you could know how that sounds to me. It is like the roaring of cannon. I can control no longer. I do not know where the trouble is. I guess that it is in me.

Please send my message to Louis McKinzie, of Fort Dodge, Iowa. I have done just the very best that I could, but there is something in the way, for I am unable to talk further.

CAL, TO MR. S. W. BIRDICT, BRISTOL, R. I.

Really, I did not suppose that I was going to meet with so many people. I simply came to say a few words to my friends. [Shaking hands with all present.] I do not intend to give any of you much trouble. [Some one knocking.] Is that at the door of this house? [Yes.] If some of my friends would come in, I would like it very much indeed. I am going to talk as fast as I can, for I have no sermon to preach, no prayer to offer, no political remarks to make, nothing of that kind, only just a word or two, as the boy said, to square things off and give a proper understanding of the facts. I have just left earth—have not been gone but a few days. I knew about spirits coming back to talk, and of their messages being published in your paper, and also in the *Banner of Light*. I would not have you think that I believed in either of them. Since I have been over here I have seen a good many come here to communicate; so I thought that I would come, too, and try to do the same thing. I wonder if I shall be recognized as a spirit if I communicate through your paper? [We rather think that you will commit yourself.] Well, I am going to tell my story here, and then I am going to try that other institution, the *Banner of Light*. [Laughing.] I really can't help laughing. This is one of the grandest traps to catch a body in. Let me tell you just how I used to feel about this matter. It is only a few days since I stepped over. I died on the second day of the month. I had the pleasure of enjoying the winter with you and came over here in the spring to enjoy that. I like it first best here. The wind blows pretty hard to-day where you are—it blows the smoke all about, out of what the country folks call chimneys, and the city folks call flues. The people all look natural and pleasant here, but they all look sick and old where you are. If you will get out of your body and come over here you can enjoy things just as well as I do, and avoid a miserable, rainy spring. [Do you find it really a Summer Land?] I guess it is summer—it is not cold winter, but there is no excessive heat. You can call it Summer Land, if you like; it is gay over here. If you want to know how gay it is just cast off the bodies that you have and then you will see that this is really a gay and charming country. I wish I could tell you just exactly how I feel. You know when you take a glass of something good, how you feel? You feel as though you would tip one way just about as easy as another, and you have no fears about which way you will tip—so you let on and feel perfectly at ease. I feel just so, and I have not had a glass of anything—not a drop of brandy or punch. I tell you it is tip top. I do not know as it is right for me to feel so nice when you are all feeling so bad. Everything is all quiet and nice here. [Pausing.] I wish you would give me about two minutes and a half to collect my scattered senses. [Laughing.] I did not use to think much of Spiritualism. I expect my friends would rather not be notified that I am here. I don't see how it was that I really got round. It is fourteen days since I came here. I wish you to send this to

Mr. S. W. Birdict, Bristol, R. I. I want to speak about the spiritual papers so that they will know me. Jane came home one day with some books and they were done up in a spiritual paper—one of yours. [At this point the controlling spirit was requested to release his control of the medium and allow her to return to her normal state, that she, with the rest of the company present, might go to a window and see the celebrated Harry Leslie, who was at that time crossing over Dearborn street on a tight rope suspended from the top of the "Varities" to the top of Cobb's Building. He was at first unwilling, but consented upon condition that he might finish his communication immediately afterwards.]

Well, you have done better than I thought you would. I was afraid you would not fulfil your promise. [Did you see the man walk the rope?] Yes, sir, I saw him. I guess I will go home and get a rope and commence practicing myself. I wonder how I am to get a rope. Are you all ready for me to tell about the paper that Jane brought home around the books? [Certainly.] I was looking at the corner of it, and I saw something about an internal life. That took my attention and I had a good laugh over it. I thought the folks that were devoting their time to that, better be making their peace with somebody else. [Was it not Inner Life instead of internal life?] I forget; it was something that made me laugh. It was about something where you could not see it. Then the *Banner of Light*, I have seen that paper also. I laughed at that and said now if this is so, and I should by any chance happen to go over on the other side, I will go to those places and see how it is.

I do not believe on the whole that I am dead. I guess that I have been born again. I laughed and said that I would find out about this matter, and Cal. has been as good as his promise.

Now I want to say to the company present and my friends, I hope you will have as good a time reading this as I have had in saying it. I shall feel abundantly repaid if nobody ever reads it. Good bye, I am not going to tell about my disease. I was in the body and am now out of it—that is enough.

MARCH 20.

CARRIE TO LUCRETIA TOULAN, OF NORFOLK, VA.

What I shall say will be for the benefit of my sister, mother, and two children. To go on and tell you what I have passed through since I left you, will take a longer time than I have to spend with you. I will only say to you that I can communicate, either by writing or speaking. Father and James are here—perhaps, when conditions are favorable, they will talk to you. Yes, I feel sure that they will.

After you have read this, let old Mr. Coolidge read it. Tell him that I have not forgotten his kindness to my husband in his last sickness. I will thank him now for his kindness to my child, and if he will come to your place I will talk with him as well as with you. I do not find it very easy to talk at this time, but my anxiety to say a few words was such that I was willing to attempt most anything. Please arrange things as soon as possible for me, and I will improve the chance offered. Send this to Lucretia Toulan, of Norfolk, Va. My name is Carrie.

## Letter from Mazomanie.

DEAR JOURNAL: It is with a feeling of timidity that I attempt to write upon our beautiful theory and its co-workers, and very sensibly do I feel my incompetency for the task; but a feeling of duty creeps over me which makes me bid defiance to criticism.

I will send a few thoughts in relation to the society and surroundings in which I live. In the first place we are blessed with a variety of denominations, which are represented by two or three divines each, consisting of Methodist, Episcopal, Primitive Methodist, Baptist and Universalist, which blend their feeling and sentiment in unison and harmony as is usually the case under similar circumstances. Each denomination of course feels the demands of its efforts in its own immediate channel until some other Ism steps in, which is not blessed with as many representatives or defenders; then all these others combine to put down the hereby, or shrink with disgust from being contaminated by such pernicious doctrines. I say all, but I mean the Orthodox organizations, for we do claim a few friends among the Universalists. Notwithstanding they cling to their sectarian principles, they are willing to let every one think for himself, and though they do not come out very liberally upon the plane of investigation we will not complain—we are grateful for their friendship.

We have enjoyed during the past week a spiritual lecture—the first we have ever had the pleasure of attending while in this place. I have been a resident for eight years, and a firm believer in our beautiful philosophy for fifteen years—thus you can imagine my deep heart-yearnings and aspirations for truth. When I have most earnestly desired the bread of life I have received nought but stones. This has been my experience while here, and had it not been for the many glorious and elevating truths which found way to my heart through the columns of the *Banner* and the *JOURNAL*, I know not what I should have done.

I was very happy to make the acquaintance of G. W. Rice, of Broadhead, of this State, who delivered four most excellent lectures upon Spiritualism, science and philosophy. Although they were not largely attended, we think he was duly appreciated by a number who do not identify themselves with Spiritualists.

The first meeting was called to order and presided over by Rev. Miles Todd, a Universalist minister of this place—a very worthy and liberal-minded man. Mr. Rice was also entertained and warmly greeted by several of the leading members of that society. He is a man in whom we could place implicit confidence for truth and veracity, and will in the future without a doubt, rank with our first inspirational speakers. He also delineated some ten or twelve characters which were unquestionably true and satisfactory to the individuals themselves. I wish to here state that his means are quite limited; having a family to support and traveling expenses to defray, leaves him with scarcely enough to make the two ends meet. We hope the friends wherever he goes will consider this, and as he makes no charges, we hope the hat will be freely circulated and contributions liberal; in so doing may it be remembered that we are "lending to the Lord." Is it not a great sacrifice to be separated from one's family to go forth into the cold, unforgiving world to proclaim that which we deem sacred and true, wherein we meet only rebuffs from the religious world. He has gone West from here—on his return we are in hopes to have him again, if circumstances are favorable.

I shall ever labor for truth and justice.

A. M. C.  
Mazomanie, Dane Co., Wis., March 1, 1866.







